

# THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



VOL. XLVI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1929.

No. 7

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THE NATION is edited and published weekly at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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Telephone: Business Manager: Holborn 9928.

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Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return. Entered as Second Class Matter, March 15th, 1929, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879 (Sec. 397, P. L. and R.).

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

IN the present position of international affairs, more than ordinary importance will be attached to President Hoover's Armistice Day address and the speeches of British Ministers at the Guildhall Banquet. The President's address, obviously most carefully thought out, was a statement of particular significance, as showing how far, and along what lines, the United States are, at the present moment, prepared to go in the organization of world peace. They will take no part in devising sanctions for the observance of treaties, or in organizing police measures for dealing with a Power guilty of resort to violence. What they will do, is to take an active part in the development, through the International Court, arbitration treaties, international conferences, and the codification of international law, of the machinery for pacific settlement of all disputes between nations. Further, as the sense of security created by the Peace Pact is consolidated and extended, they will support any proposal for the progressive reduction of armaments which does not impair their relative strength. In other words, they will consent to any limitation upon naval armaments which preserves the principle of parity between the British and American fleets. For a beginning in this reduction, President Hoover looks to the Five-Power Naval Conference, in the success of which he has "full confidence."

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With regard to the Agenda for that Conference, the President made it clear that the question of "Freedom of the Seas" would not be raised. As a contribution

to the general discussion of that question he threw out a suggestion which, he was careful to make clear, was put forward personally and not as "a Governmental proposition"; namely, that, on grounds of humanity, "vessels laden solely with food supplies" should be placed on the same footing as hospital ships, and exempted, under any circumstances, from destruction, seizure, or detention. It seems fairly clear that Mr. Hoover must have ventilated this proposal in his recent conversations with Mr. MacDonald, who would doubtless be sympathetic but wary in his reception of it. This was presumably one of the proposals in the minds of the two statesmen when they issued their joint statement about approaching "old historical problems from a new angle and in a new atmosphere." But it can hardly have been the only one; in view of the reference of that statement to the change in the "meaning and character" of these "old historical problems" as the result of the signing of the Pact of Paris, it would seem not unreasonable to infer that the President and Prime Minister considered the free food-ship proposal as a possible qualification of an arrangement that the ordinary rights of neutrals would not apply in the case of a war involving a breach of the Pact. Some disappointment may, therefore, be felt that there was no hint of the possibility of such an arrangement in the President's speech; but at least he said nothing inconsistent with it, and this, of course, is a matter on which he, in his turn, must walk warily.

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Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in his speech at the Guildhall, also referred to the "Freedom of the Seas,"

and denied the rumour that it was to be discussed at the Five-Power Conference. In a short discussion of the question itself, he laid emphasis chiefly on the fact that it was a political question which could not be left wholly either to lawyers, or to the naval and military experts, and that the "swiftest and surest method" of solving the problem was to devise means for preventing the outbreak of war. His reference to the naval and military advisers of the Government was particularly cordial, and Mr. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in replying to the toast of "The Imperial Forces," laid considerable stress on the desire of the leaders of the services to contribute to agreements which would ensure security by peace, and render the progressive reduction of armaments possible. From the tone of these speeches it may reasonably be hoped that the Government and the Admiralty will pull together at the forthcoming Conference, as to the prospects of which the Prime Minister, like President Hoover, spoke optimistically.

The Rhodes Memorial Lecture on "World Peace" delivered by General Smuts at Oxford on November 9th, forms an interesting commentary on both President Hoover's address and the Guildhall speeches. A great part of it was devoted to a review of the growth of international machinery for the preservation of peace, and to an argument that the existing League machinery was in itself a guarantee against nations stumbling into war as they did in 1914. He went on, however, to discuss the logical implications of the Kellogg Pact, which appeared to him to call for a supplementary convention defining the difference between "public" and "private" wars, and co-operation between the United States and the League to render "private" wars impossible. This co-operation, he contended, could be achieved without the adherence of the United States to the League, by providing for conferences, similar to those contemplated in the Pacific Pact concluded at Washington in 1921, to be called whenever the peace of the world was threatened; on the understanding that the United States would then join in applying economic pressure to any Power clearly guilty of aggression. This last suggestion doubtless goes further than American opinion is prepared, at present, to agree; but it may well prove to be a correct anticipation of the lines along which progress will eventually be made.

The coal situation remains critical. There is division in the Miners' Federation, division in the Mining Association (the body which represents the mine-owners), and division in the Labour Party, and there are rumours of division in the Cabinet itself. Yorkshire has broken the unity of miners and mineowners alike. At the end of last week, a delegate conference of the Miners' Federation accepted the general principle of the Government's plan and decided to recommend it to the districts; but this decision was only reached after Mr. Herbert Smith, the President, and the other Yorkshire delegates had left the Conference, declaring that they had no mandate to recommend anything. On the same day, the owners refused to meet the Government and the miners in conference, and this step has led to severe criticism of the Mining Association by the Yorkshire coalowners, who allege that there was a majority on a tonnage basis for accepting the Government's invitation which was only rejected on a show of hands. The bitter opposition of the Yorkshire miners to the Government's plan, and the fact that the Yorkshire owners are more favourably disposed towards it than their fellow owners, are not due merely to Yorkshire

obstinacy. The clue to the attitude of both parties is that there is already a seven and a half hour day in the Yorkshire pits, so that the proposals would mean no change in that district. As we go to press, the Miners' Executive (without their President) are still pressing the Government for some guarantee that wages will not be reduced with the hours, and if this is not forthcoming, it is by no means clear that their support will be maintained.

Mr. Snowden's explanation of his astonishing arrangements in connection with the new Conversion Loan leaves the really important questions still to be explained. In defence of his action in offering blocks of the loan to professionals below the issue price, he argued, somewhat half-heartedly, that there were precedents for underwriting Government loans, viz., that "various issues abroad were underwritten during the war," that four issues of local loans were underwritten during the stringent period of 1920-22, and that guaranteed loans, such as Trade Facilities, are habitually underwritten. The impression suggested by these precedents is that Mr. Snowden conceives himself to be dealing with a financial situation almost as desperate as that of war-time; and this impression was confirmed by the remainder of his argument. He observed that he was not really influenced by precedents but by "the difficulties of the period through which we have been passing." The purpose of the guaranteed subscriptions was to meet the maturities of £30 millions in January and February. Now the Loan would be a ludicrous fiasco if it did not bring in immensely more than £30 millions, without any firm contracts on advantageous terms. Can Mr. Snowden seriously have feared that this sum might not be reached? If not, the placing of firm contracts for this amount, and for no more, is quite unintelligible, for the £30 millions firm will certainly not represent a net addition to the total subscriptions. If, on the other hand, he was so afraid, his view of the financial situation must be pessimistic in the extreme.

As regards the choice of this moment for the new issue, and as regards its terms, Mr. Snowden had nothing to say except that our floating debt is "swollen," and that he "could not risk a mishap." Doubtless a high floating debt is undesirable, but the objections to it can be greatly exaggerated, and its reduction is certainly not a matter of pressing urgency. Every indication pointed to a rising market for Government stocks, offering a much more favourable opportunity for conversion operations early next year. It is difficult to see any good reason for rushing forward the issue now, unless indeed Mr. Snowden has reason to know that the yield of taxes is likely to be disappointing, and that the Budget position is alarming. But we suspect that Mr. Snowden has been lured into a series of mistakes by his excessive reverence for orthodox financial maxims. The maxim that a high floating debt is unsound finance has caused him to act prematurely. The maxim that to issue loans below par is unsound finance has driven him to 5 per cent., unless he was prepared to risk  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at par, which at the present moment would hardly have been safe. The City has been too successful in impressing Mr. Snowden with its copybook maxims. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

"If you ask me what it is that disturbs me most, I have no hesitation in saying, it is anything which tends to sap our independent spirit, anything that



makes men and women rely upon efforts other than their own, anything that tends to make them look to the State for the assistance that they themselves ought to provide." These are familiar sentiments of nineteenth-century Liberalism, and they would not be surprising from the lips of an individualist to-day. They were, however, uttered by Mr. J. H. Thomas in a speech on Tuesday, and from the Minister in a Socialist Government whose business it is to deal with unemployment, they are not only surprising but disquieting. It is not in this spirit that the problem of redirecting national production, so as to utilize the labour-power which is now going to waste, will be solved. Nor is it reassuring when Mr. Thomas goes on to say that the only way of dealing with unemployment is to improve our export trade. We note, however, for future reference, in case it is ever said that the blame for Mr. Thomas's failure rests on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he also said that "if the mere spending of money would solve the unemployment problem, my task temporarily would be an easy one and there is no one in the House of Commons on either of the Oppositions who would be able to compete with me." The money, then, is available; it is only the wisdom to use it which is lacking.

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The House of Commons devoted Monday and an all-night sitting on Tuesday to the Pensions Bill in Committee, but very little progress was made. It is in such practical matters as the application of the closure that the difficulties of a minority Government and the necessity for some working arrangement between the Parties become apparent. On Wednesday, Sir Donald Maclean pressed for the early production of the promised Bill to raise the school-leaving age. An important debate on the Roman Catholic demand for State assistance in enlarging denominational schools was expected, but this was ruled out of order by the Speaker, and an amicable discussion on details followed a statement by Sir Charles Trevelyan that his policy remains unchanged. On Wednesday, also, Mr. Alexander made the important announcement that work on the Singapore Base is being slowed down pending the result of the Five-Power Conference.

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The Executive of the National Union of Teachers last week authorized a statement upon Nursery Schools, which, if it does not foreshadow a definite change of policy, at least seems to preface a change of sentiment. For the last eight years every local educational authority has had the power to develop nursery schools, and yet only 2,000 children are at present in attendance in schools of this kind. For the failure of local authorities to take advantage of their powers the attitude of teachers and of the National Union of Teachers is to a large extent responsible. Up to now their mood has been apathetic, and often hostile; little interest has been shown, and indirect pressure has at all times been brought to bear on local authorities in order to persuade them to avoid raising an issue in which the status of the uncertificated teacher is bound to play an important part. The new statement of the Executive, however, constitutes a demand by the N.U.T. for nursery schools; the status of the teacher, though not omitted from the statement, now falls into the background. Local authorities should derive much encouragement from the tone of this announcement. One important factor in nursery school administration is, however, omitted. No one has drawn attention to the position

of religious teaching in nursery schools. There is no conscience clause in regard to religious teaching, and therefore parents do not possess the right to insist that their children shall not receive denominational instruction.

\* \* \*

The new French Cabinet has come well out of its first trial. It had to deal with a number of interpellations in the Chamber, the most important of which related to M. Briand's policy with regard to evacuation of the Rhineland, the ratification of The Hague conventions, and the forthcoming Five-Power Conference. With considerable courage M. Tardieu insisted on forcing an immediate debate, and after vigorous speeches by the Premier and M. Briand, the Chamber passed a vote of confidence in the Government by the unexpectedly large majority of 332 votes to 253—a result due to some very complicated cross-voting. The course of the debate, and the explanations and qualifications wrung from M. Tardieu, show that the deputies of the Right, to whom he must in part look for support, will scrutinize very jealously any concessions that can be construed as endangering France's "material guarantees"; but the result of the division must be considered as giving M. Briand a mandate for the continuance of his foreign policy on, substantially, its old lines, and this, with the Five-Power Conference at hand, is reassuring.

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In the course of the debate M. Tardieu was able to announce the settlement of the difficult question at issue between the German Government and the former Allied Powers as to railways in the demilitarized zone. This difficulty arose from the fact that the increase of trade in those provinces called loudly for railway development, while French opinion was alarmed by the suspicion that the programme of construction had a strategical object. A compromise has now been reached by which the Powers represented in the Ambassadors' Conference withdraw their objections to the development of railways required for economic purposes, on the understanding that Germany will demolish certain existing sidings and platforms which have a primarily military value, and will postpone for twelve years the construction of certain lines not immediately necessary for the economic development of the territories concerned. One more possible source of friction between Germany and her late enemies has thus been removed by the method of conciliation and mutual concessions so happily developed by M. Briand and the late Herr Stresemann.

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Following on the Government's decision to resume diplomatic relations with Russia, Sir Esmond Ovey has been appointed as Ambassador at Moscow, his previous appointment to Rio de Janeiro being cancelled for this purpose. Sir Esmond Ovey has served in the legations at Stockholm, Oslo (during the war) and Teheran, so that he has acquaintance both with Baltic and Central Asiatic problems. At the same time Sir Ronald Lindsay, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed to succeed Sir Esme Howard at Washington on his retirement early next year. Sir Ronald Lindsay is no stranger to Washington, where he served in the British Legation in 1919-20. Prior to his appointment as Permanent Under-Secretary, he spent two years as Ambassador in Berlin. It will be noted with interest that—despite rumours to the contrary—both these appointments have been filled by members of the regular diplomatic service.

## PRESIDENT HOOVER AND GENERAL SMUTS

**T**WO remarkable utterances have been made during the past week on the organization of world peace; the one by President Hoover in his Armistice Day address to the American Legion, the other by General Smuts in a Rhodes Memorial Lecture at Oxford. Mr. Hoover's position as the head of the Government of the most important country in the world lends to his words an immediate practical significance greater than can be claimed for those of the Leader of the Opposition in South Africa. But General Smuts speaks with a peculiar authority which makes it worth while to pay equal attention to his remarks. He has one of the most powerful and constructive minds to be found among the public men of the British Empire; and there is probably no wiser or more thoughtful interpreter of the conflicting currents of world affairs. A comparison of the two speeches makes an exceedingly interesting study.

General Smuts began by stressing the "amazing" change which has been brought about since 1918 in the whole conception of international relations:—

"The absolute sovereignties of Europe and the world had been brought to sit round a table as a regular constitutional routine, to discuss their most intimate affairs with each other, to submit their legal differences to a court of international justice, and their political or national differences to mediation or conciliation boards. They had made the use of that great weapon of national aggrandizement—war—almost impossible, and they had finally renounced its use as an instrument of national policy. They had voluntarily agreed to limit their sovereign rights in deference to the interests of the international family of which they recognized themselves to be members. They were to-day proceeding slowly but surely to the still harder step of reducing their armies and navies as a pledge of their good faith and their loyalty to the new order of things. Looked at in its true light, in the light of the time-honoured ideas and practice of mankind, we were beholding an amazing thing—we were witnessing one of the great miracles of history."

Nothing is more remarkable in this passage than General Smuts's insistence on the limitation of national sovereignty which the process of international advance has, in effect, entailed. This is perfectly true, and we shall do well to recognize it; for it points to what is at once the main difficulty and the essential condition of further advance.

As the result of what has been done, General Smuts declared, it could already be safely said not that there would be no more war, but that "any future wars would rest on an entirely different basis, and would meet with a very different human attitude from that in which past wars were regarded."

"What was more," he proceeded, "the future was to those nations which unreservedly accepted the new situation. The emotional and imprudent, on the other hand, might continue to think along the old lines, wasting their treasure and their substance to no purpose, sacrificing their national well-being, and running the risk of eventually bumping their heads severely. But the ultimate result was a foregone conclusion, and war would inevitably disappear from the civilized practice of the world."

The decisive factor in the progress that has been made was the establishment of the League of Nations, but for which the situation created by the Peace Treaties might have been "hopeless." A recognized institution, such as the League was, was indispensable.

"There was all the difference in the world between such an institution and a mere declaration of policy such as the Kellogg Peace Pact. An institution was organic, it was a living, growing entity, it rooted itself ever more deeply into the soil of life, it had a definiteness, a materiality, an assurance of growth and continuance and security, such as no mere idea or abstract principle could aspire to."

But—and here General Smuts plunged into controversial issues—the main practical contribution of the League was the "conference system," not "sanctions."

"To look upon the League as a League of force, as an organization for making war upon an international wrongdoer or disturber of the peace was completely to misunderstand its true nature."

It was true that Article 10 of the Covenant gave some colour to this conception, thereby frightening away the United States; but the only sanction definitely provided in the Covenant was the economic boycott under Article 16. It would be disastrous to base the League on a foundation of military sanctions, as was proposed with great emphasis in the abortive Protocol of 1924. General Smuts denounced this Protocol with great emphasis, going so far as to declare that his vetoing of it was "the best service which Sir Austen Chamberlain had rendered the League, the Empire, and the world." The adoption of the Protocol, he believed, might have caused the British Dominions to break away from the League, and would have driven the United States further from it. As it was, "America could not really wash her hands of her own work; the great ideal underlying the Covenant kept haunting her"; and she had now placed herself once more "in the van of the great movement towards world peace" by initiating the Peace Pact.

Here General Smuts passed to his constructive suggestions. The Pact of Paris should be followed up by a supplementary convention, providing that any nation violating it should be treated "as an outlaw, as a pariah among nations." If this were agreed to, "the whole question of neutral rights was revolutionized, and the doctrine of the freedom of the seas ceased to be of any practical importance." So far, of course, there is nothing novel in these ideas, they have been actively discussed during the past twelve months. What was remarkable in General Smuts's advocacy of them was the insistence with which he urged that the present opportunity of "laying the ghost of this issue" [the freedom of the seas] should "not be allowed to pass without being exploited to the full."

But how ascertain, if war should come, who was the aggressor, the violator of the Pact of Peace? In his answer to this question lay General Smuts's distinctive contribution to the problem. He pointed out that under the Pacific Pact of 1921 the Powers interested in the Pacific Ocean, which include the United States, have agreed, if any danger to peace should arise, to confer together and to concert measures for the prevention of war. Let a similar arrangement be extended to all threats to peace in all quarters of the globe. In this way, without any departure from her traditions, the United States would be brought into a conference system which would probably serve to ensure peace, and, failing that, would help to identify the guilty party.

It might be difficult to reconcile this proposal with the existing League machinery. None the less, it seems



to us a promising proposal. The American reluctance to agree to treat the guilty party as an "outlaw" is rooted in her unwillingness to accept the decision of others as to who the guilty party is. There is a far better chance of overcoming this difficulty along the lines of associating the United States with the decision than along those of asking her to accept the decision of the League Council as valid in disputes between League members.

Let us now turn to Mr. Hoover's speech. Public attention has been chiefly arrested by his proposal that ships carrying food only should be treated like hospital ships and be free from any interference in time of war. At first sight, this suggests an entirely different approach to the problem from that of General Smuts. It is, indeed, liable to suggest that Mr. Hoover is thinking in terms of wars of the old type, and is blind to the implications of the Pact of Paris. A moment's reflection will show, however, that this impression cannot possibly be correct. We know that Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald have recently been engaged in intimate conversations. We know that, to indicate the results of those conversations, they published a joint statement declaring that "we approach old historical problems from a new angle and in a new atmosphere," and further that "these problems have changed their meaning and character, and their solution in ways satisfactory to both countries has become possible." Now these words are suggestive of General Smuts's approach. Having regard both to them and to Mr. Hoover's present proposal, which he must certainly have discussed with Mr. MacDonald, it seems reasonable to piece the story together somewhat as follows: We can imagine Mr. MacDonald arguing, along the lines of General Smuts's lecture, that after the Pact of Paris any war must involve a violation of the Pact, and urging that America should not insist on her legal rights to trade with, and thereby to assist, a State which was guilty of this crime. We can imagine Mr. Hoover assenting in principle, but pointing out difficulties, among them the American reluctance to accept the decision of others as to the identity of the guilty party, and then adding that there was another matter on which he felt deeply as the result of his Belgian experience. We can imagine him then pressing strongly that the withholding of food supplies is an improper sanction even against a guilty party, and declaring that he was far more influenced by this humanitarian consideration than by any desire to maintain American commercial interests. We can imagine the sketching out of a tentative concordat on this basis, viz., that America might come into a conference system and agree to recognize and even perhaps participate in an economic boycott of an aggressor, if food supplies were excluded from its operation.

The basis for these speculations is perhaps rather slender. But the whole tone of Mr. Hoover's speech is such as to confirm them. And the British attitude towards his food-ship proposal will turn largely, we imagine, on how far these speculations are correct. Regarded as an isolated proposition, applicable to a war from which America might be standing ostentatiously aloof, washing her hands of all responsibility, and pressing strenuously the whole range of her neutral rights, the free food-ship idea is exposed to many and serious objections from the British standpoint. Regarded as a qualification to an agreement, which America would support, to outlaw any State which violated the Peace Pact, the proposal might still need modification in detail, but we could probably accept it in principle. It is certainly well worth our while to consider sympathetically any suggestion which would facilitate American assent to the programme of General Smuts.

## THE END OF THE HODGIAD

**M**AURICE HEWLETT, in his introduction to the "Song of the Plow," explains how he had been tempted to call his poem the Hodgiad. With an optimism unfortunately little justified, he believed that the War would end the age-long scandal of our agricultural workers, and "Hodge shall win at last his land." He hardly lived long enough to see his dreams fade to nothingness in drab committee rooms where landlord and lawyer, corn-dealer and farmer united to whittle down the promises made so readily during the War. We can now look back upon ten years of small-holding schemes crippled from their birth, and five years of Wages Committees with their chequered history and ineffective functioning. Certainly the War brought Hodge neither land, nor, what he would really prefer, steady and well-paid employment. A change is, however, taking place. The old customary relations with his employer, so often exploited by the latter, are coming to an end. It would seem that within a few years Hodge will step unobtrusively on to the lower rungs of the industrial ladder. The end of the Hodgiad is, alas, no triumphant finale, with the hero, returning from the war, to be granted his rightful position amidst the plaudits of an audience at last appreciative of his true worth. The tumult and the shouting dies, and Hodge after ten years is to be insured against unemployment, and will take his place among the lower strata of industrial workers. In hard times and slack seasons he will join his urban fellow workers outside the Labour Exchanges, and will prove a sturdy competitor in the market for unskilled labour.

It is perhaps useless to grow sentimental over this unhappy ending of an old song, but certain very important questions will arise from this changing status of our agricultural workers. If we exclude the lads under twenty, many of whom have no intention of staying on the land, and also those who will be eligible for old age pensions at sixty-five, there is left a body of some 400,000 men regularly employed in the industry. Only about 10 per cent. of these are organized, and they look to the local Wages Committees to decide both their hours of work and their wages. The result of their weak Trades Union organization and their adherence to old-fashioned customary methods of employment is immediately obvious when we examine a schedule of wages. Agriculture is possibly the most varied industry. It requires from its wage-earners a versatility far greater than most manufacturing processes, yet we look in vain for a list of all those different grades of workers with varying wages which would characterize an award in the cotton or the ship-building industries. The difference between a "rover" and a "carder" is unfortunately a mystery to the writer, but he would be surprised to find that their duties were more specialized than those of the shepherds, horsemen, and cowmen who are grouped into the only recognized superior grade amongst farm workers. All others are quaintly defined as "not otherwise distinguished," and form the second and larger wage-group.

This very rough and ready system of fixing minimum wages has certain lamentable results. It undoubtedly encourages the idea that farm work is unskilled, and it helps to give Hodge that inferiority complex which is such a trial to those who wish him well. It is so easy for the lower grade of farm workers to become "labourers," and it is important if they are to come on to the Labour Exchanges that nearly all of them should come bearing a specialist label. Take an obvious example. The tractor driver is not mentioned in any schedule of agricultural wages. In prac-

tice many of them are paid as much as horsemen, but others receive the ordinary lower rate for farm workers. A Fordson and its tackle are harder to keep in running order than a touring car, and ploughing is tougher work than driving along a road, but our tractor driver will find himself classed as a farm worker "not otherwise distinguished," a category far below that of "chauffeur."

There is another disadvantage of the present unscientific method of classifying farm workers. Owing to the shortage of houses in the country, labour cannot be very fluid. The two-grade division undoubtedly penalizes certain areas. Taking England as a whole it would seem that about a third of our farm workers are in the superior grade in which they get about five to seven shillings a week more than the lower grade, the wages, of course, varying from county to county. It is, however, clear that the proportion between the two grades also varies considerably. In some dairying counties, like Cheshire, the proportion on the higher rate is very large; in certain arable districts like Norfolk it is considerably smaller. As might be expected, the Trades Union organization is strongest where the proportion is low, and this fact has perhaps tended to obscure the position. It has concentrated too much attention on the minimum wage of the lower grade, while politicians, feeling that little can be done to improve this, have sought other panaceas in small-holdings and vague aspirations towards "access to the land." To the writer it seems that both groups are missing the soundest and most practicable method of helping the farm worker.

Until he is married or has reached the age of, say, twenty-five, the ordinary farm worker is not much tied to his job. Many lads put in some time on a farm till they are strong enough to tackle the work in the heavy industries. The man who most needs our help is the one who has definitely settled down to farm work as a wage earner. By the time he is thirty, especially if married, he seldom has either the inclination or the capital to embark on a small holding. What he does want is a better status and a better "ladder" inside his profession, which is that of a wage-earning farm worker. In areas where the farms are large he has very limited prospects of becoming a foreman or even of rising to the rank of horseman or cowman which would put him on the higher grade of wages. He remains, through the best working years of his life, and those years when he is probably bringing up a family, a man without any proper status and getting the same wages as a lad of twenty-one who is just waiting to get a job in the local brick or cement works. The immediate need is for a new and more scientific grading. This would have to vary from county to county, for a man should be paid extra if his job gives him an "executive" position, and in some districts the shepherd, in others the cowman, and in arable parts the ploughman, may rank as the senior worker. Foremen and bailiffs are reckoned separately from other workers in most official reports, though no minimum wage is assigned to them. These higher grades need careful definition with due regard to local custom, but the chief object of grading is to show each worker's special occupation, even if he also does other jobs round the farm, and to show whether his work entails any special responsibilities. Many of the men at present in the special grade are really foremen, and this should be recognized by some special appellation such as "First Horseman."

The chief effect of a new grading system would be upon those who are classed as ordinary workers "not otherwise distinguished." It should be compulsory to classify as skilled anyone who has done, say, eight years' farm work, so that he would receive his label as "horseman" or "cowman" and a rate of wages above that assigned

to the lowest grade. The onus of proving that a man who had done so many years' farm work was not skilled should lie on the farmer. The effect would be to help financially a large number of men through the hardest years of their lives, and encourage their self-respect by showing them that they are embarked on a career which has a number of definite stepping stones. The proposals would make little difference to the smaller farmers, but would require some sacrifice on the part of those larger farmers who are now able to get fully qualified men and take twenty years' work from them as ordinary labourers.

G. T. GARRATT

## PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

AS these notes have sometimes reflected upon the quality of the Official Opposition, I ought in fairness to mention two excellent speeches contributed to the Russian debate by Mr. Boothby and Mr. Marjoribanks respectively. The former has a well-established reputation, and the latter will soon acquire one, but it was rather startling to hear these rising hopes of Toryism speaking upon opposite sides of the question, and from a widely sundered position.

On Wednesday private members had their chance again, and the discussion upon Accidents in Mines provided an ample refutation, if any such were needed, of Miss Lawrence's theory that a debate which does not lead to a division is necessarily a farce. On this subject there was and could be no division, yet the debate was informative and useful. Mr. Gordon Macdonald and Mr. Rowson commanded respect and close attention by resisting all temptations to make our flesh creep and producing practical suggestions from their wide experience. Sir Herbert Samuel supported them with valuable statistics, and the authority of his position as an ex-Home Secretary and Chairman of the Commission which bears his name.

The second resolution, in favour of nationalizing railways and long-distance transport, was at once more controversial and less practical. Major Nathan and Mr. Scott did good service by their definition of the Liberal policy as distinct from those of the other parties. But undoubtedly the most remarkable feature of the debate was the division, which gave a substantial majority to the Socialists over the united Conservative and Liberal forces. No practical issue was at stake upon a mere resolution, but the victors cannot be denied credit for the strength of their muster, nor the losers escape blame for the weakness of theirs. The Conservatives, who polled only 42 per cent. of their strength, are mainly responsible.

I deliberately call attention to this division because it shows the direction in which Labour back-benchers would push their leaders if the latter were deprived of the excuse of "office without power." If this is appreciated in the country the result may be a healthy one, for it is not upon Socialist theory but upon Liberal practice that the Government must depend if it desires a renewal of its present opportunity.

Thursday brought the Indian debate, which had no immediately satisfactory feature except the general welcome given by the House to Sir John Simon's dignified request on behalf of his Commission to be allowed to carry their task to completion undisturbed. Yet the necessity for the debate can hardly be denied in face of misunderstandings which had not unnaturally arisen with regard to



the Viceroy's pronouncement and the proposed Conference. There can be no doubt that these quite disparate matters had become connected in many Indian minds, so that the former was regarded as a sort of Agenda for the latter. Immediate correction of this misunderstanding would cause disappointment; but if deferred it might well lead to far more profound disillusionment. That, at any rate, was the view taken by the Liberal and Conservative leaders.

\* \* \*

Mr. Baldwin had no difficulty in disposing of the rumour with regard to his personal action in the matter. Beyond that he made what was justly described as a "noble" speech; but it was not hard to make a "noble" speech on the pre-history of the Aryan race, leaving to Mr. Lloyd George the invidious task of pressing home the essential questions. To those questions no sufficient or satisfactory answer was immediately given; though they have since been met by the Prime Minister's letter to Mr. Baldwin. It is curious, to say the least of it, that the Press should be regarded as a more proper medium for such a communication than the floor of the House.

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The most careful perusal of Mr. Lloyd George's speech reveals no phrase to which the most captious critic could take exception, unless it be the reference to "this pocket edition of Moses," and the bitterness of the Secretary of State's reply remains quite inexplicable.

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Mr. Wedgwood Benn, although he left the Liberal ranks at a critical time to join a party which in his previous election address he had denounced in unmeasured terms, has continued to enjoy to a remarkable degree the respect and friendship of his former comrades. But he puts a severe strain on those feelings when he uses the position of honour and profit which he now enjoys, and which no one grudges him, as a platform from which to utter sneers about the Golden Calf. And certainly it is not for a deserter to taunt his old regiment because their trenches are thinly manned. Even if fifty-eight members (backed by five million votes) could correctly be described as a "handful," it was not for that handful alone that the Liberal leader spoke.

\* \* \*

On Friday the Poor Prisoners' Defence Bill received its Second Reading. For this credit is due to Sir John Withers, the father of the Bill, to Mr. Turton, who made this excellent use of his luck in the ballot, to the Home Secretary, who gave his official blessing, and to Mr. Isaac Foot, who found occasion for a speech of real eloquence. Mr. Foot (like Mr. Maxton) is the fortunate possessor of a speaking voice so beautiful that one could listen to him with pleasure for hours, even if he were talking Chinese. But his words are in the tradition of Burke, and his spirit is that of the great Puritans of the seventeenth century. The combination is irresistible.

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The Tolls Bill also received its Second Reading. It is a useful little measure; but it was amusing to see two Tory members demolishing one of the last relics of the feudal system.

\* \* \*

The rest of the week has been all Pensions Bill (Committee). Mr. Shakespeare has done particularly well in expressing the Liberal attitude which the Minister of Health has recognized as being a helpful one. More helpful, one would imagine, than that of some of his own back-benchers. Mr. Buchanan, for instance, parades election promises, and exhorts his Government to "be bold"; a phrase which suggests an obvious division of the Socialist Party into

those who desire to be "bold," and those who prefer to continue their innings.

\* \* \*

Sir Kingsley Wood, although in some respects more like a trench-mortar, may yet be described as the spear-head of the Tory attack on this Bill. One remembers how, on the Local Government Bill, he resisted, night after night, the formidable onslaughts of Mr. Greenwood, Miss Lawrence, and Mr. Ernest Brown, with a kind of india-rubber resilience and unruffled good-temper. Now it is his turn to take the offensive, and he clearly knows that game as well as the other. But when he and his late chief, with tongue in cheek and conscience snoring, greeted the first closure with shameless cries of "Gag!", the Official Reporter blushed and broke the point of his pencil.

ERIMUS.

## GREAT STORIES OF THE WORLD

SOMEWHERE in the files of the Ministry of Labour there should be a letter reading somewhat as follows.

If it is not there, it is to be hoped that some wag on the staff will surreptitiously insert it for the delectation of posterity and the confusion of arid historians:—

"DEAR SIRS,—Until further notice please forward my unemployment insurance benefit to the following address:—

Poste Restante,  
Carcassonne, France.  
(Sgd.) JOHN SMITH  
(Newcastle Exchange)."

It is impossible for an Englishman to move abroad in either hemisphere without encountering the legend embodied in the above epistle. The thing has assumed the grandeur and the permanency of the world's great sagas. The Great War itself produced nothing more magnificent in that line, and it set a pretty stiff standard with its corpse factories, and its Cossacks in Durham. There are pedants and sticklers for exactitude who conceive it their duty to track down such contributions to the storied faith of mankind and to explode the baseless fabric of the vision, leaving the world poorer for their smug research. This particular one must be put out of their reach. It is enshrined in the political and economic history of the post-war age. M. Poincaré, who takes a detached view of such matters, has given it credence, and has long since, by public expression of his belief, convinced an impartial Chamber. Who was the sage who distinguished between the consecrated and the ordinary lies of history? Would you extirpate from the human tale the Wandering Jew or the Flying Dutchman! Then leave this great Englishman alone. He has been seen in a thousand villages of Europe, or, rather, in the next village to a thousand villages. He has bathed at Ostend and Dinard, promenaded at Nice, drunk the wines of Burgundy and the waters of Wiesbaden, and in his trail he has left hope to the overburdened and oppressed workers of Europe. The United States dangles the bait of a high standard of living and lavish expenditure, but at what a price—relentless toil in a mass production factory, and the scrap heap at forty. Hence the American charwoman with her car does not excite half the wonder and envy inspired by the care-free *chômeur anglais* who punts freely at the local Casino and sings his way across the Midi while awaiting the next trade revival.

It is perhaps appropriate here to utter a few words of advice as to the attitude to be adopted by the Englishman when confronted with this tale abroad. For inevitably the conversation will turn to war and debts, and inevitably

the attempt to expatiate on the peculiar difficulties of England will produce the interruption: "Mais, figurez-vous, mon ami, at Bagnolles, which to my knowledge is a resort of the most expensive, there was staying this summer one of your compatriots who confessedly. . . ."

Do not explain patiently that the rates and conditions of unemployment relief make such a thing impossible: you will be wasting your breath. Do not go red in the face and denounce the unemployed as a rascally set of ne'er-do-wells: you will be doing yourself and your country no credit.

Note carefully that the amusement or indignation of the narrator is tinged with a certain amount of awe. Therefore, achieve a disarming smile, and, if possible, a slight shrug: "What would you? We other English, we are like that. In such matters we are unaccountable. Un-endowed with your renowned powers of logic, we perform the incredible, and support the intolerable. Moreover, with such affairs we have not the faculty of resolving the matter strictly. For an example you have our Mr. Baldwin in his negotiations with the Americans. Concede that there is something magnificent in his disdain to dispute a matter of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 per cent. interest. If we attempt to be firm on such points we only succeed in being disagreeable. Need I remind you of Mr. Snowden? Admittedly we should be bankrupt, but, with all due deference to your greater sacrifices, our pound looks the dollar in the face. It is inexplicable and unmerited, but it is so."

In this strain the baffled foreigner will recognize the traditional milord—slightly mad, but definitely allied to the gods. At this point the conversation should be deftly turned on to the subject of the American tourist, whereupon the party will resolve itself into good Europeans animated by one common bond of feeling.

G. L. S.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

**I**F, as is expected, Mr. Herbert Smith ceases to take the leading part for the miners in the negotiations with the Government, the prospects of peace will be somewhat improved. Mr. Smith's fondness for shock tactics in diplomacy has made it difficult to make any progress: his notion of putting the miners' case is to overwhelm Ministers with a spate of violent Yorkshire abuse. Mr. Cook, on the other hand, is willing to deal. The Government's terms fall far short of what he wants, but they are, he thinks, the best terms available as an instalment. Mr. Cook would be willing to accept them with the intention of squeezing for more later on. He is, above all things, anxious to avoid another disaster such as followed from the all-or-nothingism of 1926. At the moment Ministers are a little more cheerful about the outlook, and hope that with Mr. Smith out of the way something may turn up to save them from the worst consequences of the dilemma into which a rash pre-election pledge has driven them. They are playing for time, calculating that they will succeed, with Mr. Cook's help, in keeping the miners quiet, and also that the notorious division of opinion among the owners will prevent the latter from putting up a dangerous resistance. Of course, the vital issue, that of wages, remains threateningly in the background. The Government are not anxious to touch wages in their legislation, and their policy generally is to let sleeping issues lie. It is quite certain that it will be impossible to evade dealing with wages in some way. The miners will see to that. The owners are (with some exceptions) against hours reduction, and they are unanimously against paying the same wages for less labour, and they do

not share the Government's soothing hope that they will profit from the marketing schemes sufficiently to be able to do so. On the whole, it seems that nothing can prevent the wages question coming right into the foreground within the next few months. The miners will demand that the Government shall "implement" Mr. Snowden's promise, if it comes to another cleavage with the owners. And how can the Government do that?

\* \* \*

It will be surprising if Mr. Baldwin condescends to notice the amusing offer presented to him by Lord Beaverbrook. The latter announces that he is ready to "stand aside and obliterate himself" from the Empire Free Trade movement if only Mr. Baldwin will kindly take on the leadership of it himself. Lord Beaverbrook is an obstinate optimist. A man who imagines that the Dominions are going to abolish their tariffs against us in the blessed cause of Empire, or in any blessed cause, or that our people are going to swallow dearer food to please anybody—such a man will naturally find no difficulty in supposing that Mr. Baldwin is anxious to commit political suicide. It looks as though Lord Beaverbrook must resign himself to continuing as leader of the crusade, and, if Mr. Baldwin will not change his mind, it may become one of the objectives of the campaign to remove him. Can Lord Beaverbrook do it? Are there half a dozen Tories whose conviction of Mr. Baldwin's inadequacy would carry them so far as to substitute Lord Beaverbrook as leader? There is no need to pause for a reply to these questions.

\* \* \*

I confess that the vast outpouring of eloquence on and about Armistice Day is usually a weariness to me. The note of insincerity is so patent in much of it. A ritual of appropriate sentiment has become fixed, and it is dead and dreary with convention. The two-minutes' silence is a great conception, but two minutes is not long enough to compensate for the loud noises from Press, Pulpit, and Platform. Still, there are hopeful signs of the growth of sanity and realism. As the celebration comes round each year, one notes the steady strengthening of a desire to make use of it as a time of repentance for the past and resolve for the future. The note of nationalism becomes fainter; and the note of international union in a common mourning becomes louder, indeed this week has been memorable for its output of fine peace talk. I am sorry that the Labour Government had not the courage of their convictions in the matter of the Cenotaph ceremony this year. Public opinion would, I believe, welcome the complete demilitarization of this solemn service. The most notable sign of an intangible but none the less real change of attitude is to be found in the admirable little speech which the Prince of Wales made to the V.C.s. How easily might that remarkable gathering have become the occasion for an exhibition of the narrower patriotism, and how finely was the temptation avoided. The speech (to which I, though not a V.C., listened) contained nothing which could offend any soldier, enemy or otherwise, who might have been there. "If any man thinks that 'Valour' is only called for in fighting our enemies on the field of battle, he must have a very distorted view of the life we lead on this world of ours." That, and other passages in the same vein, were well said, and in accord with the spirit of the time. Why should not the State act upon the lines here laid down, and institute a Victoria Cross for heroisms in the war of everyday?

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In my experience, the best place in which to spend Armistice morning is Westminster Abbey. At the Cenotaph the crowd is too great, and the distractions of the semi-



military show too disturbing for the appropriate quiet and meditation. The beauty of the Abbey church imposes its own peace: the service is simple and soothing; and one's mind can occupy itself unhindered with the thoughts that arise. The thoughts—I speak for myself—are not always as noble and lofty as the occasion requires, such is the insubordination of that tricky thing the mind. One remembers Dr. Johnson's friend who confessed that though he tried to be a philosopher, cheerfulness would keep breaking in. During the two minutes, I must confess, my errant consciousness flickered away from the solemn issues of the moment. Would anyone make a noise? One found oneself listening intently for some involuntary breach of the stillness, a cough, the grating of a chair. There was nothing: the silence was amazingly complete. I suppose a sort of discipline has enforced itself by practice upon us all for this tiny fraction of time in the year. At all events, I remember hearing nothing whatever except the ticking of the Abbey clock far overhead, like the soft beating of a heart. And with what a joyous sense of release from restraint everybody welcomed the singing that followed!

\* \* \*

I was one of the millions who spent Armistice night listening in to "Journey's End." The vogue of this play is, of course, a remarkable sign of a change in the emotional attitude towards the war. No play could possibly give a truthful picture of the beastliness of life in the trenches: things cannot be attempted in the sensitive social atmosphere of the theatre which can be done in books. Yet this play (in spite of occasional sentimentality) comes nearer to the reality than anything that the theatre has stomachached up to the present. A generation is growing up that is showing curiosity about the war, and it is all to the good that the most popular war play here and abroad gives reliable information as to its foulness and degradation. Mr. Sherriff is helping on the process General Smuts spoke of in his noble Oxford lecture—the intellectual event of the week—the process by which "war follows the chivalry of feudalism into the limbo of the past. If it shows its face, it will be without the mask of romance . . . it will appear to be the cruel, accursed, illegal thing that it really is." At this moment the idea of war is on trial in the minds of the young people who have grown up since the horror stopped: what we need is such veracious witnesses as Mr. Sherriff to tell the truth before the war generation is gone and the myth-making faculty of a new generation has time to get to work.

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It seems that the newspapers did Mr. James Agate a serious injustice in publishing an inaccurate version of the terms on which the London managers have agreed to allow him to criticize their productions. The terms, falsely issued, were such as no self-respecting critic would consent to be bound by, and I was not surprised to hear Mr. Agate indignantly repudiate them. I have much admiration for the vigorous and independent judgment of Mr. Agate; he is usually entertaining—and enviably full of quotations. I know enough about him to be certain that he would explosively refuse to put on the shackles which the managers no doubt desired to affix. It is important that listeners should be assured of the services of a critic who is free to speak his mind—within limits. There is just one point in Mr. Agate's explanation of his rôle which is rather curious. Apparently it has been agreed that he is not to mention plays which he considers to be "morally bad or cheap." I should have thought that one of the most useful services of the B.B.C. critic would be as a warning signal. I myself read dramatic criticism where it is really free as much for guidance on what to avoid as on what is worth seeing. It does look, after all, as though the managers had

succeeded in imposing one shackle. I have myself always found Mr. Agate most refreshing as an exponent of the fine old art of invective. Of course, producers of "morally bad or cheap" plays could not be expected to share my enthusiasm for Mr. Agate when he is unshackled altogether.

\* \* \*

It is no credit to successive Governments that they will not spare a copper (so to speak) for the support of archaeological research. I cordially agree with what Mr. Amery said on this subject at the meeting held in London to support the projected British School of Archaeology in Mesopotamia. No Government has the imagination to realize, or the courage to act upon the realization, that our reputation in the world benefits as much when some splendid new discovery of the life of the past is made by our people as it does from a successful dodge in diplomacy. Those who go to the British Museum to marvel over the wonderful things dug from the rubbish of Ur should remember that we owe these treasures to a handful of scholars working with meagre resources, and little or no public encouragement. The work that remains to be done in Iraq is full of brilliant possibilities. That land is, as Dr. Sayce has told us, full of the sites of buried cities. This country has an especially close relationship with the new state of Iraq, and one hopes that our scholars and excavators will receive the support necessary to allow them to continue the exploration so fruitfully begun by Mr. Leonard Woolley and others. The appeal should come home to everyone who cherishes the memory of that gifted woman, the late Gertrude Bell, whose untimely death was due to her devotion to archaeological research in the terrible summer climate of Iraq. Miss Bell left a legacy of £6,000 to start the fund for a British school. While it may be hopeless to expect the Treasury to come to the rescue, there must be many people who are ready to honour the memory of a great woman by giving the few thousand pounds necessary to carry on and complete her pioneer work.

KAPPA.

## FANTASIA ON A CHINESE GONG

IMMEMORIAL Cathay—

Land of porcelain and lacquers,  
Chow-chows, mandarins, and crackers,  
Where the glow-worm lanterns sway—  
How refined and how enlightened  
Are your fiercest warrior clans!  
(Wu Pei-fu, whom nothing frightened,  
Painted butterflies on fans.)  
"Strokes on a melodious gong"  
Are their names—Chiang Kai-shek,  
Feng Yu-hsiang (whom to check  
Ho Ying-ching now stalks along.)  
Kuominchun,  
Kuomintang—  
Probably I scan them wrong!

Yet, Cathay, your present state  
Seems particularly crazy.  
Through a labyrinth as mazy  
As a Willow-Pattern plate,  
Tuchuns, war-lords, army leaders,  
March in picturesque array;  
Rebels, loyalists, seceders,  
Changing places every day.  
Li Chai-sum and Chang Fat-kwai,  
Yen Hsi-shan, Chang Hsueh-ling—  
Sometimes they support Nanking,  
Sometimes its decrees defy.  
Kuominchun,  
Kuomintang—  
Which is which?—who knows?—not I!

MACFLECKNOE.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## WOMEN AND LEISURE

SIR,—I must thank Miss Irvine for her very intelligent and generous article on my book, "A Room of One's Own." But perhaps you will allow me to dispute one or two of her contentions. "The poorest community of men," she says, "would never sit down week in, week out, to such a diet" (i.e., a diet of prunes and custard). And she infers that men are therefore endowed with some desirable power that women lack. But, after all, the majority of Englishmen are sitting down at this moment to such a diet. The working-class man does not possess either £500 a year or a room of his own. And if the majority of men, without the burden of child-bearing and with the professions open to them, yet find it impossible to earn a wage that admits of leisure and the production of works of art, it would seem to prove that both sexes, men as well as women, are forced to eat prunes and custard not because they like them, or are patient or can imagine nothing better, but because that is all that they can get. It is the middle-class man to whom we owe our art; but whether he would have enjoyed his very valuable degree of comfort and prosperity had the duty of child-birth been laid upon him in the flower of his youth, and had all the professions been closed to him by his sex, seems to me disputable.

Then again, Miss Irvine contends that if the Brontë sisters had lived now they would have become schoolmistresses, and would have travelled abroad under the auspices of Thomas Cook and Son; but they would have lost their leisure, she says, and we should have lost "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." What kind of "leisure" the women of the nineteenth century enjoyed is, I think, made very plain by Florence Nightingale in "Cassandra." "Women never have half an hour in all their lives (excepting before or after anybody is up in the house) that they can call their own, without fear of offending or of hurting someone." I submit that Charlotte Brontë would have enjoyed more true leisure as a schoolmistress now than she did as the daughter at home in close attendance upon a beloved, but it would seem somewhat exacting, parent in a vicarage in a graveyard. Nor can I stifle my suspicion that if Emily had travelled in the summer holidays even under the guidance of Mr. Cook she might not have died of consumption at the age of twenty-nine. But, of course, in no circumstances could the Brontë sisters have been either typical schoolmistresses or typical globe-trotters. They remain rare and remarkable women. And my argument was that if we wish to increase the supply of rare and remarkable women like the Brontës we should give the Joneses and the Smiths rooms of their own and five hundred a year. One cannot grow fine flowers in a thin soil. And hitherto the soil—I mean no disrespect to Miss Smith and Miss Jones—has been very starved and very stony.—Yours, &c.,

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

## THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

SIR,—For a variety of reasons and in many quarters it has been suggested that the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica could be more appropriately designated the Encyclopædia Americana. Curiously, no one has yet pointed out the extraordinary fashion in which the article on the motor-car indicates the American proclivities of the new work. In the first place, the article has been written by the vice-president and director of the biggest motor combine in the United States, and is illustrated by twenty-four diagrams, each of which is "by courtesy" of this corporation.

Next we are shown eight photographs of the assembly shops of two other transatlantic firms, and on another page twelve "American motor-cars . . . of recent design" are displayed.

And what has the "Britannica" to say for Britain? The British motor industry is represented by small pictures of only three makes—two of which are shown twice with different types of bodywork.

Moreover, although Britain is a pioneer in coachwork, the article on motor body design is illustrated by the pro-

ducts of two American body-building concerns and no other examples of this important craft are given.

Is the British motor industry, with its output of 211,000 vehicles and its quarter of a million employees, so insignificant that it merits this open contumely from a work which calls itself British?—Yours, &c., N. GRATTAN-DOYLE.

## ST. GEORGE'S DISPENSARY

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to call attention to the work and needs of the St. George's Dispensary and School Clinic, which has lately launched a special appeal on behalf of the London child. St. George's exists to combat the minor illnesses and disabilities of children, whose parents are too poor to pay regular medical fees. It essays to bridge the gap between the great London Hospitals, dealing with serious illnesses and injuries, and the vast havoc caused among children by those ailments, minor deformities, lack of sunlight, or precautions against infection, which are calculated to neutralize every attempt on the part of the State to make them useful citizens. Such clinics and dispensaries are to a major degree supported by the L.C.C., whose concern it is to see that the child receiving elementary education should be as fit as possible. St. George's operates in that bleak district south of the river known as Southwark, with its main centre at Pocock Street, Blackfriars, S.E.1, and a sub-centre at Browning Hall, Walworth Road. The work comprises an Ear, Nose, and Throat Department, a Ringworm Department, a Minor Ailment Department, a Dental Department, a Remedial Exercises Department, and a Sunlight Lamp Department. There is a Dispensary and accommodation for in-patients, so that children may recover from tonsil or adenoid operations performed at the Clinic in more cheerful and suitable conditions than would be likely in their own homes.

Much of this work is done for the benefit of the children in Southwark who are actually L.C.C. children receiving an elementary education there, but the doors of St. George's are not closed against suffering children not strictly within that category. Any child under fourteen will receive treatment who stands in need of it. Further, St. George's does not confine itself to those methods of treatment and hygiene which receive the direct support of the L.C.C. The remedial exercises, the sunlight lamp departments, and the treatment of in-patients referred to above are not supported by the L.C.C. Yet, if space permitted, it would not be difficult to show that the children receive substantial benefit from all these. It follows that in these two respects, namely, the class of patient received and the scope of the work, St. George's has to rely on financial support other than L.C.C. grants. In order to meet the deficiency, the parents of the children treated contribute what they can; 1d. a day for each child, or 3d. a week for each individual child, with a reduction to 2d. a week if more than one. Many parents are so destitute they can pay nothing. These pathetic contributions do not go very far, and therefore there has in recent years been a small deficiency between the L.C.C. grants, which reach some £3,000 per annum, and the expenses of the Clinic. For the year 1927-8 the adverse balance was £110 18s. 3d., and for 1928-9 £160 0s. 10d.

The appeal, therefore, is for funds so that any child in Southwark who is in need of treatment may not be turned away, or, alternatively, that the healing activities of the Dispensary may not be circumscribed. It is hoped to augment the income of St. George's by a subscribed income of £200 a year.

Here is urgent work carried on without advertisement by busy men and women in the belief that care and time expended on the health of the London child should bring a full reward in the years to come. Readers of THE NATION, though doubtless harassed by many appeals for charity, form a reading public to whom an appeal in the name of humanity can safely be made. The need and the work are there for anyone to see and investigate, and a comparatively small sum is required to ensure financial stability.

Mrs. Philip Walton Scott, the Honorary Appeal Secretary of St. George's, will gratefully receive all donations, which should be sent to her at 183, Maida Vale, W.9.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. SEARLE.

8, Serjeant's Inn, E.C.4.



## ENGLISH FOR THE TURKS

SIR,—Knowing that the majority of your readers belong to the "scholastic" class, I beg you most respectfully to be so very kind as to permit me to make the following appeal through your columns.

Until a few years ago, the second language here in Turkey was French. During the last six-seven years, however, the tendency has entirely changed. Almost everybody, especially the Turks themselves, not only in Constantinople, but throughout Anatolia, is learning English, as hard as he can go, and our language is rapidly ousting French and German. The Ministry of Public Instruction has introduced English as a regular part of the school routine in all the secondary schools throughout the country. On all sides, and every day, one continually hears such expressions as: "I want to learn English." "How long will it take me to learn English?" "As soon as my boy finishes his school here, I intend to send him to England for a year or two." Remark, not to France, and not to Germany (as formerly), but to England. And this tendency is growing rapidly day by day, I might almost say, without any exaggeration, hour by hour. English, English, everything—home life, education, commerce, and, last but not least, sport—they want to have on English lines. Do not forget that the present Turkish paper currency was printed in England, and that the forthcoming new issue of Turkish postage stamps is being printed in England. The children are every bit as keen as the grown-ups. "Please, sir, what games do the English boys play?" "How do the English boys spend their half-holidays?" "Look, sir, father has just bought me this nice English sweater" or "these real English football boots." These may seem trifles, but they show clearly the national tendency. Surely it is our duty to encourage this great wave of good feeling towards our nation and not to let it slip by unnoticed, for, if we do, it may never occur again. Let us reciprocate this good will and "strike while the iron is hot."

I am at present myself in the employ of the Turkish Ministry of Public Instruction in the capacity of English teacher and inspector of the teaching of English in all the Turkish schools here. The school in which I am actually teaching personally, Galata Saray Lycée, Constantinople, is the "Eton" of Turkey, so to speak. It is the largest, oldest, and only school of its kind, not only in Turkey itself, but in the whole of the Near East. Hither come not only Turks, but also numerous other categories from the neighbouring Balkan States, while a contingent of Afghans also arrived last year. We number well over two thousand pupils, more than eight hundred of whom are boarders. There is a commercial section in the school, where the pupils have the option of learning either English or German. Last year, and this year also, all the pupils, with the exception of one, took and are taking English. There are also voluntary free evening courses for English and German; the number of pupils for the last five years has been, on an average: for English, 150-200, for German 6-8! These figures speak for themselves.

In this all-important seat of learning in the Near East, we have in our library, among the thousands of Turkish, French, and German books, only about sixty-seventy English volumes, most of them very out-of-date and uninteresting in the extreme. This is quite incompatible with the present conditions when everybody is thirsting to read English. But English books are extremely expensive, and it would cost a fortune to purchase an entire library. Now, I am not asking for an "Encyclopædia Britannica," or anything of that kind, for that would be beyond our wildest dreams, but surely it would be possible to find among your readers one or two hundred who would be willing to present us with only one second-hand book each, and thus help to form at least the nucleus of an English library for this splendid institution. The effort needed is not great. The sender will not miss his, or her, book; the cost of postage is insignificant, while the result attained—who can tell?—may be inestimable! We have plenty of school books, grammars, &c., but any book dealing with History, Geography, Travel, Commerce, Science, Sport, English home life, and especially *books for boys*, would be a most acceptable gift, which I shall be pleased to acknowledge personally on behalf of the school.

It is desirable, and this is very important, that each book should be sent separately, by simple book post, tied with string and open at both ends, so as to avoid duty, &c., as all closed parcels have to pass through the Customs, which entails endless trouble and expense. All books should be addressed to: The Librarian, Galata Saray Lycée, Pera, Constantinople, Turkey.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT M. THOMPSON, B.A.

Professor of English.

Galata Saray Lycée, Constantinople.

October 21st, 1929.

## THE CECIL HOUSES

SIR,—May I once again appeal to you on behalf of Cecil Houses? We are holding a Public Meeting on Friday, November 22nd, at 3 p.m., at His Majesty's Theatre (by kind permission of Mr. C. B. Cochran and the Board of Directors) to raise funds for a fourth Cecil House where, for a shilling a night, a homeless woman can get a good bed, a hot bath, hot tea and bread and butter, and no questions asked.

We already have three Houses established, all self-supporting and non-sectarian. Once the initial cost of freehold, reconstruction, and equipment has been met, each House stands on its own financial feet from the shillings received nightly.

We can accommodate 160 women and 34 babies every night—the charge for a cot is 3d.—but these resources are quite inadequate to meet the tragically increasing demand for beds. Last week over one hundred women had to be turned away through lack of room—many of them with young children.

Mr. Hugh Walpole is taking the Chair for us, and the speakers will include Miss Clemence Dane, Miss Edith Evans, Lady Moyers, Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Conal O'Riordan, Mr. Alfred Short, M.P. (Under-Secretary for Home Affairs), and Major J. Brunel Cohen, M.P. Tickets of admission to the meeting can be obtained (free) on application to me at Cecil Houses, Inc., 11, Golden Square, London, W.1.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. CHESTERTON,

Hon. Organizing Secretary.

## LITERARY TRIFLING

NOT long since (it is rumoured) Mr. Bernard Shaw, having partaken a trifle excessively of lettuces at a late supper, was visited in his first sleep by an apparition, short, stout, and gruff, which addressed him as follows: "It is not, sir, I must own, my usual custom to peruse your numerous works: but lately, finding eternity lie a little heavy on my hands, I opened one of them at random and on the first page of it discovered this—'I at least have not wasted my time like Johnson trifling with literary fools in taverns, when he should have been shaking England with the thunder of his spirit.' Now, sir, how far you have been or are shaking this country I am little aware and still less concerned. Certainly my repose at Westminster has not of late been troubled by any species of earthquake such as you recommend. But not satisfied with the pleasures of self-satisfaction, you have proceeded in this matter to a perstringement of my memory. And now, since my leisure is considerable, not to say eternal, and your ill-digestion likely to last for at least several hours to come, I propose to give you occasion to do for once in your sleep and to the dead what no man has ever known you do waking to the living—admit yourself in the wrong."

Here Mr. Shaw found himself replying with his customary urbanity: "My dear Doctor, on conviction I shall be delighted: my only regret is the absence—unavoidable, I suppose, the shades having no shadows?—of Mr. Boswell.

"I admit that I wrote as you say; I admit also (I never withdraw) that I think so still. Perhaps I cannot claim myself to have shaken England very fundamentally. But if the dying Copernicus could pray to have made his fellow-men happier, I for my part can feel that I have at least frequently made my fellow-countrymen less comfortable. My only regret is that Dr. Johnson was born too early to share their feelings—though now, indeed, I am happy to see that after all he wasn't.

"Yes, though I may be obsolete and out of date now, I have been quite an effective gad-fly of the Socratic species in my day. I was needed. I was for a time the voice of youth, the trumpet before the crumbling walls of a dozen Jerichos. And the youth of to-day, with newer prophets of its own, doesn't know how much that is mine it inherits. Well, I am quite content to go to the scrap-heap and make way for my betters with the consolation that I may have helped to make them so. For I, too, have fought in my turn and in my way against the dull inertia of the English spirit without losing my head like poor Ruskin, or my digestion (in spite of this little *contretemps* to-night, to which I owe, dear Doctor, the pleasure of your company) like poor Carlyle, or wasting my gifts like you. We may have first-rate minds and, consequently, first-rate opportunities for being idle; we may be so clever as to persuade ourselves that those who are not clever enough to find their own way to the light had better sit on in their native darkness. But if there is any value in my definition of a gentleman—and I have yet to see a better—as one who takes no more out of society than he puts into it, it becomes clear enough that this condition is not fulfilled by men who keep their views on fundamentals a secret from all except the little clique that shares them. It's easy enough to fold our hands and chant '*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*': it is but too likely to prevail only when it's too late to matter. Indeed, your *sans-souci* brings its own punishments. For how many years, for instance, while militarism rattled sabres and diplomatists snarled, the intelligentsia sat on the fence and sneered their little jokes and trusted the deluge to out-wait at least their time! But it's not much use smiling at War Offices. As they found.

"What could they have done, do you say? Oh, I don't mean that they should have embarked on street-corner meetings; most of them would just have been mobbed if they had; it's a subtler, less drastic matter than that. There is always the question, day by day, in our relations with the outer world, the circles beyond our coterie—shall we or shall we not say and write what we really think? You, my dear Doctor, were indeed, I allow, outspoken enough in your way—you had not our modern terror of shocking your acquaintances: but 'trifle with literary fools in taverns,' I hold that you did. Neither dyspepsia nor you shall make me unsay it. If you were not, in Nietzsche's phrase (how *he* would have shocked you!), one of 'the saints of knowledge,' you might at least have been more its warrior than you were. What precisely your present ghostly habitation may be, it would be impolite to inquire too closely: but if you have not long since been called to account, not for all the things your rashness said, but for all the things your timidity or your torpor did not say—well I can only reply that a general revolution seems to me as urgently needed in the next world as in this. Even here, however, retribution is not always delayed; even in this world it is possible to find oneself in purgatory; how many intellectuals as idle and self-indulgent as yourself have I seen linger to unconscionable ages in University Towns! As for you who did little but talk all your life, it was appropriate indeed that you

should be laid away for eternity in Westminster Abbey, in neighbourly vicinity to the House of Commons. And now perhaps we might both return to our respective resting-places."

So saying Mr. Shaw rolled over and buried his head beneath his Jaeger blankets. But a piercing spasm instantly compelled him to bound upright. Dr. Johnson was laughing in the traditional manner; like a rhinoceros, though a ghostly rhinoceros.

"You will observe, sir," he began, "a certain hilarity about me. It so happens that I mentioned your name the other day out of curiosity to a soul whose birthday falls, if I recollect, about 2500 A.D. And he, although the embryo of a Professor of English Literature at Oxford, was unable to say more than that your name was, he believed, the pseudonym sometimes employed by an early twentieth-century writer called Chesterton who gathered about him a small band of spirits united by devotion to beer, reaction, and the Church of Rome. He plausibly conjectured the works attributed to you of which only one or two titles survived, such as 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'St. Joan,' to be part of this Neo-Catholic propaganda." At this all the fortitude of Mr. Shaw was unable to repress a hollow groan. "As for that chimera so dear to you called 'progress,'" continued the apparition, "an invention of the generations subsequent to me and previous to you, it may interest you to contemplate for a moment the England of that future date—a country still possessing a King at Windsor, a Primate at Canterbury, and a House of Commons at Westminster, still conducting its debates with as great solemnity as ever, despite the fact that in a world dominated by the jealous rivalry of China and Peru, Great Britain is by then considerably more insignificant than Siam. Lest, however, you should be reduced to excessive melancholy by such a prospect, I may add that the inhabitants of these islands will on the whole be no unhappier than they are to-day.

"That, however, is, sir, by the way. Only since you observed that I trifled in taverns while you toiled in the cause of progress, it seemed not immaterial to remark to what point you will have progressed.

"As for my frivolity, a man may be content to endure from you a censure which he shares in your eyes with Shakespeare. You find fault with our dramatist for not finding more fault with his own age, instead of with the general nature of existence. And yet had he spent his time, like you, in finding fault with his age, he would have certainly perished with it: had he propagated opinions, you yourself would have disagreed with them. And what is this duty of propagating opinions but itself a mere opinion? How shall we know we are right when the only thing we know is that we are repeatedly wrong? Is there any opinion which a sensible man can hold so undoubtingly as to go to the stake for it—except perhaps his belief in his right to hold an opinion? And of that indeed, after all, not the Holy Inquisition itself can deprive us. And how can we know if the opinion which is right for us, be right for others, or if what is true to-day, will be so to-morrow? If a man could change people's minds, it might perhaps be different: but at best he can only change their prejudices. And how little can be accomplished by argument! Sir, I never argue; I should not dream of arguing with you. You are certainly wrong: I, very possibly. Why, after all these years, I discover that I was, in the flesh, frequently mistaken where even Boswell, even Boswell, sir, happened to be right.

"And so I do not share your passion for improving people and straightening the hind-legs of dogs. Improvement had best begin at home: and which of us will not



find there the occupation of a lifetime without pestering his neighbours about their souls? You, sir, have, it appears, succeeded at moments in making your countrymen uncomfortable: I, on the other hand, lent an elegant diversion to the leisure of my 'literary fools'; and, thanks to the most foolish of them all, shall continue to increase the gaiety of generations when all your sedulously disseminated crotchets shall have been rescued from ridicule only by oblivion. Indeed, even while you are remembered, it will be not as a thinker, but as a wit. There are those, sir, who preach because they have a passion for preaching: it is hard that they should condemn all other forms of indulgence. A man who has given a dictionary to society, may perhaps be suffered to give other portions of his life to friendship and himself. Nor, when all is said, need the pleasantest hours of his existence prove the least useful. What he is may matter more than what he does, and the friend of Boswell be remembered when the lexicographer is forgotten. And what else will your perfect society be, if not one where all can live in a happy intellectual activity? Would you, then, make it impossible for any to live so, until it is possible for all? Is a life of innocent and intelligent enjoyment to remain criminal until the foundation of Utopia? Does it not occur to you that the spectacle of a small group of human beings, successful in the business of life without ambition and gay without remorse, may even be more useful for the progress of humanity, than a dozen theories of the redistribution of property; and that a man may learn more from literary fools in a tavern than from political ones in the House of Commons or out of it? The Puritan has always attacked innocent enjoyments, because in his heart he believes it wicked to enjoy anything; he prefers the diversions of smashing sculpture or cutting off the head of his anointed king. You think I hid my light under a bushel: it may be better, sir, to reflect than to try to shine; to burn quietly under a bushel than to gutter." At this point Mr. Shaw, goaded beyond endurance by a flow of eloquence that showed no sign of ceasing, seized the latest work of the Webbs from the table at his bedside and flung it in the apparition's face. Amidst a tinkle of broken glass, followed by the thud of a heavy object on the pavement below, he awoke. The room was empty. With a shake of the head Mr. Shaw sat up in bed, switched on his reading lamp, and took up where he had left them, the notes for his next discourse at the B.B.C.

F. L. LUCAS.

## MUSIC

### DELIUS AND BEECHAM

**W**HEN the announcement was first made that Sir Thomas Beecham proposed to give a Delius Festival this autumn, consisting of no fewer than six concerts devoted entirely to his music, considerable doubt as to the wisdom of the undertaking was expressed in every quarter. Those who are antagonistic or indifferent to the art of Delius were frankly derisive and gleefully predicted disaster, while those who are favourably disposed to it were inclined to question whether on the whole it possessed sufficient breadth and variety of style to emerge victoriously from such an exacting test. Even among the composer's warmest admirers it was felt that, however enjoyable such an orgy of Delius might be to themselves personally, it must inevitably prove to be too much of a good thing for the general musical public, and would in consequence probably do the composer's cause more harm than good.

On the face of it there certainly seemed every warrant

and justification for such misgivings. Even a single concert entirely devoted to the work of one composer, however great, is apt to become tedious, and the number of composers capable of providing a "one-man show" on such a heroic scale as that proposed, without engendering a sense of surfeit and monotony, could be counted on the fingers of one hand—if that. The idea of a six-concert Brahms festival, for example, is too terrible to be contemplated, yet Brahms is unquestionably a major composer.

As it happened, however, all such fears proved groundless, and the festival was successful beyond even the most sanguine expectations. The house was sold out every evening, generally several days before each concert, and the spontaneous enthusiasm of the huge audiences was as overwhelming as it was unforeseen. So far from being surfeited with this music, it seemed as if they could never have enough of it. There was no sense of monotony as one had expected, no slackening of interest as the festival proceeded; indeed, the enthusiastic demonstration on the final evening was greater than on any of the previous occasions.

Delius, in fact, emerged triumphantly from an ordeal in which almost all other composers, even including some possibly greater than he, would have failed. The explanation of this curious fact would seem, in part at least, to be that the capacity to sustain interest and attention throughout a whole concert or series of concerts is not necessarily in direct ratio to the greatness of the music, abstractly considered, but depends to a large extent on the nature of the talent in question. As in social life some people shine in company and others only when one is alone with them, so in art, it would appear, some works gain when considered in relation to those of other artists, while some demand that they be considered apart from those of others. Composers such as Strauss and Stravinsky, for example, show up to their best advantage in miscellaneous programmes by virtue of their immediately attractive and brilliant qualities which take the life and colour out of everything in their proximity. The art of Delius, on the other hand, never seems quite at its ease in such surroundings, and its finest qualities are apt to pass unnoticed and unappreciated when considered in direct relation to the more assertive and superficially more accomplished art of others. On the other hand, a whole concert or festival of Strauss or Stravinsky would be a weariness to the flesh, while Delius actually gains under these conditions. The impression of sameness and monotony which his works produce when performed under ordinary circumstances entirely disappears, and a breadth and variety of both conception and treatment become apparent which one would never have suspected them to possess.

Still, even taking all this into consideration, there can be no doubt that the credit for the immense success of the festival is largely due to the truly magnificent and inspired conducting of Sir Thomas Beecham. The music of Delius—unfortunately for him—is of that order which demands on the part of its interpreters a degree of personal sympathy and insight of which very few conductors are capable, and in default of which it loses the greater part of its meaning and significance. And it is not going too far to say that even those who know the music of Delius most intimately must frequently have felt during these concerts that they were hearing some of the works for the first time. Passages which, under other conductors, have always sounded obscure and meaningless were invested by Beecham with an inevitability and expressive beauty that one never thought they contained—that the composer himself, one might almost be justified in saying, had hardly contemplated, and had certainly not made clear in his scores. Every phrase, every tiny detail of these subtle and complex

works—conducted, moreover, entirely from memory—was brought out with a delicacy and precision that one would never have supposed possible.

Such conducting and such orchestral playing we have not heard in London for many a year: not even, I am prepared to contend, from the well-drilled foreign organizations that have visited us from time to time, for there was a quality of inspiration in it that no amount of lifeless, machine-like discipline such as theirs could replace.

With these concerts, in fact, Beecham has once and for all given the lie to the accusation commonly levelled at him of being only a highly gifted but erratic and irresponsible dilettante, incapable of, or disinclined for, the sheer hard work and drudgery which alone can ensure the highest achievements, and has proved himself to be an interpretative artist of a stature encountered only two or three times in a generation.

This artistic revelation, combined with the organizing ability he has shown himself to possess at the same time, should surely dispel any lingering doubts some of us may still have entertained with regard to his Imperial League of Opera. Having shown what he can do single-handed, it is only just that we should give him a chance of showing what he can do with public support and a large organization behind him. It is the manifest duty of every reader who has not already done so to send in his or her subscription at once to the headquarters of the League (90, Regent Street), and thus help to make possible the establishment of permanent opera in this country on an artistic level we have never yet known. Sir Thomas Beecham can be trusted to see to the rest.

CECIL GRAY.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "The Roof," Vaudeville Theatre.

**T**HE ROOF" (Mr. Galsworthy's new play at the Vaudeville Theatre) is calculated to make angels weep. Without necessarily sharing all the public's admiration for Mr. Galsworthy, any fair-minded critic would have to admit that such plays as "The Silver Box," "Strife," or "Loyalties" show a consummate sense of the stage, combined with a capacity to utilize fresh material in an arresting manner. What is the critic then to say when Mr. Galsworthy, the official spokesman of English Literature, both at home and on the Continent, the recipient of the highest honour which the Sovereign can bestow on an artist, produces anything as lifeless and stupid (for there is no other word) as "The Roof"? The plot deals with six different rooms in a French hotel and the behaviour of the occupants on hearing that the hotel is on fire. A unity is given to this "episodic" play by the scenes being contemporaneous and the curtain going down each time on the tootle of the fire engine. On the roof everyone behaves with great heroism. Unfortunately, the repetition of the theme merely becomes tedious and the whole play is devoid of wit, constructive power, or intellectual curiosity. It was certainly produced in the most extraordinary way (everybody in the hotel was apparently dressed to go to an evening party); but their conduct was so peculiar that perhaps this did not matter. An eloping couple, after a shocking crossing to Paris, dash into evening dress in order to hear "Carmen" at the Opéra Comique! "The Roof" is a minor tragedy.

### "The House That Jack Built," Adelphi Theatre.

That incomparable fool Jack Hulbert and that inspired idiot Cicely Courtneidge are at their best in this new typical Hulbert revue. Mr. Hulbert, as usual, does perhaps a little more step-dancing than is absolutely necessary, but it is all so slick and so witty that one does not mind being allowed a little breathing space before the next scene. Miss Courtneidge has great fun with "The Dowager Fairy Queen," a

burlesque pantomime, and maintains all through the show her reputation for being our best comic actress. She never overdoes anything, but gets her effects with a certainty that stamps her as an artist. Then there is Miss Irene Russell, who has developed considerable powers as a mimic, Miss Helen Burnell, an American soubrette of great charm, various other members of previous Hulbert casts, and a chorus that is better than ever. Some of their dances are conceived without the originality which characterized those of "Clowns in Clover," but they are executed with the utmost grace and the utmost precision. Altogether, as the American said, they look good, they dance good, and, damn it, they very nearly sing!

### "The Eater of Dreams," Gate Theatre Studio.

This is the best dramatization of psycho-analysis that we have yet seen. M. Lenormand, as Mr. Ashley Dukes says in a programme note, writes both naturally and with subtlety, and this play is a perfect example of his art. Whether Mr. Peter Godfrey's production is quite on the same level is a matter for doubt. Technically it is smooth and skilful, but somehow one does not feel that the play has been fully understood—or perhaps it has been misunderstood. The fact that de Bronte, the amateur psychoanalyst, had an "evil" influence over the two patients to whom we are introduced is no justification for assuming that he always had an evil influence, or alternatively that he was a bogus psycho-analyst, which he certainly was not. It is difficult to say how this impression has been conveyed, but it is there. Mr. Godfrey, within these limits, gives an admirable performance as de Bronte, Miss Josephine Wilson completely convinces us of her "Oedipus complex," and Miss Jean Sheppard is very good indeed in the earlier scenes.

### "The Student Prince," Piccadilly Theatre.

Only an uncompromising highbrow will regret a revival of the "Student Prince," an astonishing concoction of lowbrowism, from which the sensitive may very well shrink. This curious pantomimic entertainment is a stupendous compound of vulgarity and efficiency. Those who combine a lack of nice discrimination with a delight in hearty singing, swinging waltz tunes, and clinging ivy will find that their tastes have been sumptuously provided for. The old-fashioned sentimental love-theme of the prince who was an Heidelberg student is produced in the style of a military tournament. Corps of students are paraded to sing drinking songs, marking time with their beer mugs like a squadron of semaphore signallers. The note of gaiety thus struck is one of unpretentious discipline—the keynote of successful commercial production. Legs, arms, and torsos are permitted to swing regularly if not easily. The conductor waves his slick baton in smart, restrained gestures; the brasses blare like motor horns, the drums rattle and rumble like approaching omnibuses. Indeed, it is all a pity and something of an injustice. For Romberg's musical settings are by no means commonplace—the tunes in this piece could be delicately as well as broadly treated—while caught in the mesh of cheerful commercialism is little Miss Florence Desmond whose bright genius for caricature seems to have been restricted to making extortionate movements with the lips. The lighting is somewhat crude and conventional, but the colours of the period are retained in the costumes and scenery with an amusing accuracy.

### "The Prisoners of War," A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge.

Mr. J. R. Ackerley has the gift of feeling the nerves of his characters without giving anyone away. And his play, as a study in the direr extremes of companionship, is consequently as true as anything that an Englishman has written about the war. Five officer prisoners are condemned to communal life in a Swiss hotel. The play opens when a year has sapped their tolerance and left them dry with temper. One, the placid Adelby, hears of his wife's death and throws himself down a mountain. Conrad, searching for philosophy as protection against irritability, is left at the end nursing a pot of azaleas, having found only idiocy. Mr. T. G. Saville made Conrad's mood one of reverie rather than excitation, and so forfeited the main interest to one of two others; either to Mr. Barry K.



Barnes, as the disgruntled Canadian, or to Mr. Basil Bartlett, whose Lieutenant Telford was a beautifully accurate and moving piece of self-effacement, and hence the one genuinely heroic figure. This performance apart, the play was competently acted by Miss Marguerite Cellier and Messrs. Hedley Briggs and Hubert Leslie. One gathered that Madame Louis must be a person driven from mentionable society to scouring for any crumbs of dissipation that might be found among depressed and impecunious prisoners. But Miss Leonora Corbett, though embodying her author's prescriptions, would never have been far from the Rue de la Paix.

#### The Film Society.

The Film Society's first performance of the season took place last Sunday at the Tivoli Theatre, when the principal film given was the long-awaited "Battleship 'Potemkin,'" produced by Eisenstein. This film, although made so long ago as 1925, is one of the masterpieces of the Russian cinema, and its propagandist intention does not prevent it from being a superbly artistic achievement. It tells the story of the beginning of the 1905 revolution, the mutiny of the sailors on board the "Potemkin," the exposure of the body of a murdered sailor on the quay at Odessa, the ruthless shooting down of sympathetic civilians by the military, and the "Potemkin's" final escape. The film reaches heights of excitement and horror unattained before except in one or two other of the Russian revolutionary films; this is never achieved, however, by overloading the narrative with long-drawn-out and detailed sequences, but rather by the extremely ingenious juxtaposition of contrasted scenes and by the tempo of the film, which varies subtly according to the prevailing emotion and reproduces this in the audience with extraordinary skill. Real imagination is shown in much of the detail and in the photography. Another film shown at the Society's performance was "The Fall of the House of Usher," a not very successful American "fantasy on the theme by Edgar Allan Poe." It contained some interesting photography, but quite failed to give the atmosphere of the story. "Drifters," containing also some fine photography, is an extremely fascinating account of the various stages of herring fishery, which would be even better with a little cutting.

#### Recent Paintings by Members of the London Artists' Association.

Personal preferences apart, it will scarcely be denied that the London Artists' Association arranges exhibitions which are more consistently interesting and exciting, though not necessarily more daring, than any other group exhibitions in London; and it shows the work of artists who, as a group, keep more out of the traditional sludge of painting and drawing than any others in London, and, unless they are sneeringly dismissed, must be continually jolting self-satisfied conceptions of what paintings should be. The present exhibition of recent paintings by most of the members of the Association gives a good opportunity of judging its value as a whole, and of seeing the personality of each artist at work on a somewhat similar formulation of principles—similar at least to the extent that all of them derive something from Cézanne and the post-impressionists. Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Duncan Grant, among the older members, show small paintings of great interest. Mr. William Roberts, with his "Portrait of an American," shows his sure sense of drawing which is ready when he wants to use it, while Mr. Porter's colour is as alive as ever, and Mr. Adeney keeps a remarkable grip on essentials within a limited and light range of tone. Among the more recent members, Mr. Raymond Coxon and Mr. R. V. Pitchforth have shown an unwillingness to stay where they were, with interesting results. Each shows paintings which may be regarded as distinct successes and comparative failures, which is surely all to the good.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 16th.—

Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

Jean Sterling Mackinlay and Harcourt Williams, Old Songs and Ballads, Æolian Hall, 8.

The London Vocal Quintet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Backhaus, Schumann-Chopin Recital, Grottrian Hall, 8.15.

Adila Fachiri and Donald Tovey, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Sunday, November 17th.—

Mr. John A. Hobson, on "Law and Order," Conway Hall, 11.

The London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Monday, November 18th.—

"The Yeomen of the Guard," at the Savoy.

The Norwich Players, in Shakespeare's "Pericles,"

Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich (Nov. 18th-23rd).

Royal Geographical Society, Film Lecture, Æolian Hall, 8.30.

Professor G. M. Trevelyan, on the Wireless, 9.15.

Tuesday, November 19th.—

Mr. Harold Monro, on "Twentieth-Century Poetry," Children's Theatre, 8.30.

Memorial Service to Dame Millicent Fawcett, Westminster Abbey, 12.30.

Mr. A. M. Ludovici, on "Christianity and Women," Conway Hall, 7.

Wednesday, November 20th.—

The Ardrossan and Saltcoats Players, in Sir James Barrie's "Old Lady Shows her Medals," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Mrs. Virginia Woolf, on "Dorothy Wordsworth," the Wireless, 9.15.

Thursday, November 21st.—

Mr. Bernard Shaw, on "Random Speculations," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

Mr. John Drinkwater, reading his own Poems, Poetry Bookshop, 6.

Friday, November 22nd.—

Mr. Philip Kerr, on "The United States," Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, 8.

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Lord Buckmaster and the Bishop of Southwark, at an All-Party Undenominational Meeting, Kensington Town Hall, 8.30.

#### O I :

[The following poem was written by Mr. E. T. Best, Immigration Inspector in Palestine, of whom we published an appreciation a few weeks ago, shortly before he lost his life in the recent disturbance in Palestine. It was written to his fiancée, Miss Doris Johnston, of St. Michael's, Liverpool, who received it a week after the news of his death.—ED., NATION.]

FROM a full heart I sang to you last night  
I think the moon intoxicated me  
Resting within the shadow of the walls  
Beneath those age-old towers and battlements.  
Below, a hundred valleys rolled and turned  
From dim-lit Kedron, tranquilly asleep  
While all the softest hues that night could paint  
Played with the far off mountains and the stars.

Close by must David's army have been camped  
When Canaan knew no king but Jebusite  
And surely those grey bats that we disturbed  
Were wandering ghosts from long forgotten days  
Fearfully seeking in the silver night  
The silence of the centuries we had bridged  
Until the world we had that moment left  
Seemed like a nightmare giving way to dawn.

And then a voice spoke to me from the void  
To ask if all this beauty must pass by  
Sink through the years to greater ruin still  
And yield its place to day and ugliness.  
'Twas then I sang across the world to you  
Mingling my music softly with the night  
And just as softly stealing from its dreams  
In fear lest I disturb its majesty.

EDWARD T. BEST.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE GERMAN TRIBES

TWO very interesting books have just been published about Germany and Germans during the two periods when they first defied the envious Gods and then found, what so many persons and peoples have found before them, that the nemesis of history is inexorable and kicks you pitilessly when it has got you down. The first book is the second volume of "Lord D'Abernon's Diary" (Hodder & Stoughton, 21s.). It has as its subtitle "The Years of Crisis," and covers the period from June, 1922, to December, 1923. Lord D'Abernon's achievements as Ambassador in Berlin during the long and difficult time from 1920 onwards are well known. It is often thought that, under modern conditions, an Ambassador can be little better than a superior, ornamental, and extremely expensive official letter-box, and that the old type of Ambassador, who was a power in the land either for good or evil, is extinct. Lord D'Abernon once more disproved the truth of a generalization. He was certainly a power in the land of our late enemies, and there can be few people now so blind or prejudiced as not to admit that he was a power for good. He showed that one of His Majesty's representatives abroad, provided he have the right sort and the right strength of character together with understanding and sympathy, can exercise a powerful influence on the policy both of his own Government and of the foreign Government to which he is accredited. History has its nemesis waiting round the corner for Ambassadors as well as for peoples, and in the record of history one may read the fate of more than one famous Ambassador who is now remembered only as a sower of dragon's teeth. Lord D'Abernon, however, has nothing to fear from nemesis or from history, for he never used his influence except in the cause of reconstruction, reconciliation, and peace.

\* \* \*

But Lord D'Abernon comes before us in his diaries not only as an Ambassador but also as a writer, and here he has to be judged mainly as an author. A good man or a good Ambassador may—nay, he more often than not does—make a terribly dull writer. But the good fairies seem simply to have showered gifts on the late Ambassador in his cradle, so that he might become in course of time not only a first-rate diplomatist, but the author of a very entertaining book. Lord D'Abernon begins with some "personal appreciations"—of Asquith, Poincaré, Mr. Churchill, Wirth, Maltzan, Von Seeckt, and Stinnes—and they are admirable character sketches. And when we get into the diary itself, the characters of those whom he meets and talks with come to life at once. He is a shrewd, kindly, and yet, usually, not too kindly, judge of men. Thus of Maltzan he writes:—

"I have always found Maltzan extremely ready to give all the information in his power, and, with the exception of the Rapallo incident, anxious not to offend English susceptibilities. Characteristically feline—if not feminine—his temperamental affinity is towards the Slavs and to some degree the Latins, rather than towards the more virile and perhaps duller canine races, such as the Anglo-Saxons, the Turks, and the Teutons. Probably what jockeys call 'a bit of a cat,' but an intelligent, agreeable, and interesting cat."

\* \* \*

The German statesmen, indeed, all the German tribes and tribesmen, come very well out of these pages, and none

better than Dr. Wirth. The other book which I mentioned as very interesting is about one of them who only makes a brief appearance and a tragic one in Lord D'Abernon's diary. Rathenau was not the kind of man to appeal to Lord D'Abernon, who pronounces him "though wrong-headed and eccentric, brilliant and versatile." "Walter Rathenau, his Life and Work," by Count Harry Kessler (Howe, 16s.), shows that there was a good deal more to say about that strange character who was so German and so Jewish that tragedy was almost inevitable. Count Kessler has written what is in many ways a remarkable biography about a remarkable man. It is not exactly an easy book to read because it really does try to explain Rathenau's psychology. That psychology was extremely complicated, for all through his life Rathenau's mind was the strangest mixture of clearness and confusion. He was a man with a divided soul, and he never succeeded in patching himself up in a way which might have made him presentable either to himself or other people. He was in consequence one of the most unhappy and most unpopular of men. He had the clear, hard, subtle, practical, restless intellect which is thought to be characteristic of Jews; over this was laid a vein of sentimentality and romanticism which is thought to be characteristic of many Germans. His emotions were as incongruous as his ideas. He was an egoistic altruist, a lover who could not love, a writer who could not write, an (in Germany) aristocratic plebeian, a pacifist nationalist, and a socialistic capitalist. A man in this terrible state of internal chaos could hardly have been happy even if he had not, to crown all, been born a Jew in anti-Semitic Germany. When Rathenau, in the early days of the war, saved Germany from disaster by organizing the Raw Materials Department for the Army, an aristocratic, nationalist Lieutenant remarked: "If this man Rathenau has helped us, then it is a scandal and a disgrace." One is half inclined to agree with the Lieutenant. At any rate, presumably the disgrace was wiped out eight years later, when the nationalist conspirators shot Rathenau, the Foreign Minister, and blew him to pieces with a hand-grenade in the Königsallee.

\* \* \*

There are two other books about Germany and her tribes which have just been published and are worth reading. "July, 1914," by Emil Ludwig (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), is an account of the incidents which led up to the war from the assassination of the Archduke. The story has been told before by many writers. Herr Ludwig's account is, as might have been expected, melodramatic and journalistic, but skilful and on the whole effective. His judgment on relative war guilt of the different Governments is interesting. The printer has become slightly confused over the portraits of statesmen, Tisza and Sazonov having changed places, but the best commentary on the causes of the war is the portrait of Count Berchtold. The other book is the two volumes of "War Diaries and Other Papers," of Major-General Max Hoffman (Secker, 42s.). Hoffmann was on the Eastern front during the war and made a famous appearance at Brest-Litovsk. The chief interest in his diary is its revelations of the mind of a German general and of the feuds and vendettas in the High Command during the war.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## MARRIAGE AND MORALS

**Marriage and Morals.** By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

MR. RUSSELL loves to shock; indeed, he probably thinks it a duty as well as a pleasure, and in choosing Marriage as the subject of his attention he has given himself an ample field. To the conventionally minded, every sentence in his book will prove outrageous, from the early dictum that "the fact that an opinion has been widely held is no evidence whatever that it is not utterly absurd" to the later assertion that "one of the few rights remaining to parents in the wage-earning class is that of having their children taught any brand of superstition that may be shared by a large number of persons in the same neighbourhood." Even the unconventionally minded, to whom these ideas may not be new, will no doubt be pulled up short by some part of his exposition—by his rather savage summary of the history of sex relations, his jaundiced view of policemen, Governments, and institutions generally, or his comments on the deplorable effects of Christianity. But whatever anyone may think of his subject-matter, no one can help enjoying his neat turns of phrase. "In Italy, where immorality, like everything else, is a prerogative of the Government," he remarks in passing, "a vigorous attempt is being made to enforce 'virtue';" and again, "the professional moralist of our day is a man of less than average intelligence."

Mr. Russell is not a professional moralist, in the sense which he attaches to the word, but he is, in this book, undoubtedly trying to put forward a new morality on sex questions, a morality which will attach more importance to individual freedom, and more to the environment proper for young children than that which we see around us to-day. He thinks jealousy is a more serious vice than adultery, and that marriage should not be either legally or socially binding until the first pregnancy of the wife, but he does not wish for the total break-up of the family. Indeed the most constructive, and least savage part of the book is that which deals with the position of the child, both as regards his own sex education, his relation to his parents, and the effect upon both mother and father of his existence. On these points Mr. Russell has something new to say, and something which ought to give food for thought, even to those whom it shocks. And when he adds that it will be impossible to judge fairly of the effects of "the new morality" until it has been worked out and practised by people who have had it applied to their early education, he is on very safe ground. The rest of us, as he says, are all tangled up in the remnants of the ideas of the past, either by way of reaction to them (as he seems to be himself), or by mere passive acquiescence, or by positive conviction. And so, if we practise the new plans we are apt to feel wicked, or unduly righteous. The new codes will not settle down, and be clear, Mr. Russell thinks, while this generation lives; but after that anything may happen.

But surely here he is making a mistake in his historical perspective. Human affairs do not proceed by sudden jerks, and the parents who are tainted with "Victorianism" in their moral outlook will not be succeeded by children who have been educated without sex inhibitions. Moral progress will be just as slow as all other progress, and though it is true that there is at present a great deal of scientific and psychological research being carried on in sex matters, the effects are percolating very slowly into the national consciousness. Morals and manners are indeed changing, under all sorts of influences, and among these influences ideas such as those put forward in this book have their place. But they do not tell the whole story. If Mr. Russell had more charity towards the world in which he lives he would write a less entertaining book, but he might make a more effective contribution to the discussion of his subject.

RAY STRACHEY.

## A STATESMAN OF THE SILVER AGE

**Lord Lansdowne: a Biography.** By LORD NEWTON, P.C. (Macmillan. 25s.)

WHEN we look back into recent history we see a period of time during which a new kind of bigness was coming into events. Things were brewing! Europe began to shape definitely for the Great War. England began to draw near to such events as the Ulster rebellion and the final conflict between the Liberal Party and the House of Lords. It is a curious thing that this moment when we see measures becoming more serious is also the very moment when we begin to lose a sense of size in men. It raises a difficult question as to the real stature of the eminent Victorians. Would they survive tests as tests are to-day, or were they only big men in small matters? How they did go on! We see them making a life-and-death affair of some Navy estimate, rather smaller than the sum the country would now waste without winking in a week. Gladstone told an audience of twenty-two thousand people that the resources of civilization were not exhausted. Against whom and what? Mainly against the counties of Kerry and Clare! When a member of the Government was done to death in Phoenix Park, it was thought that the limit of terror in politics had been reached and serious people fell back upon prayer.

Then there was the House of Lords, with which Lord Newton's life of Lord Lansdowne has so much to do. About the same time we see the same process going on there—events expanding; men contracting. In the calm nineties a man might have doubted the wisdom of the House of Lords, but he never disputed its weight. It may not have been the true senate, but it certainly looked it. Foreheads were massive. The beards of Spencer and Ripon and Cross could not be contemplated without respect. The mind of the Duke of Devonshire was one of the marvels of the age for the slowness with which it worked and the way in which it could be actually seen working. When Lord Salisbury reared his remarkable bulk at the table and it was perceived that he was on his legs, the reporters were in an agony to catch the words which settled the question once and for all. One wonders how these monumental ones—how Queen Victoria, whose loftiness comes out in the way she reached as high as she could and boxed their ears, would have taken the sharp realities of the European scrap, and how the Duke of Devonshire would have looked descending into a cellar for an air-raid. We shall not know, because the demi-gods were all gone or going when the war came in sight. This very Lord Lansdowne had succeeded Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office—he had also, when "the day" came, succeeded the Duke of Devonshire in the leadership of the House of Lords. It was just as though two mastiffs had disappeared and left the premises in charge of an elegant and accomplished collie. And that, at a time when so many suspicious characters were about!

No man has in his fate proved better than Lord Lansdowne the truth of the saying that life is "just one dam thing after another." His whole political life, though he seemed a somewhat frigid man, was spent in more or less hot water. He was at the War Office during the South African War when England's military reputation nearly went clean out. This affair being concluded, he took in hand the situation caused by the upward pressure of Germany, and it was largely to him and to his partly French descent, which also caused him to speak French so well, that we owed the *entente cordiale* with France. Having planted this seed which was to bring forth so much fruit later on, he turned with some urgency to home affairs, for he was now the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, and it became his duty to undo everything that had been done by the Liberal victory in 1906. Finally, at the end of 1917, when he had been for some time out of office, he came out quite unexpectedly as a Pacifist, and if the readers of the Yellow Press had known exactly where Bowood was, he would probably at the last minute have joined the noble army of martyrs.

No wonder feathers fly when Lord Newton writes his life! Sir Redvers Buller loses the few he had in the chapter on the South African War. The account of the way in which

the *entente cordiale* was formed leaves King Edward slightly moulting, and in the careful exposition of the affairs which led to the Parliament Act, Lord Lansdowne, who was leading for the Unionists in the House of Lords, comes off none too well. The Education Bill left the House of Commons one measure and came back to it quite another. The Licensing Bill which would have been a godsend to the country by now, was rejected altogether. So was the Plural Voting Bill, though it was thought slightly tactless on the part of the Unionist Whips to keep the discussion going for only an hour and a half. On the other hand, the Trade Disputes Bill, which was a questionable affair, was allowed to pass on the ground, we suppose, that while there were very few stout Conservatives in the Baptist chapels and none at all in the Bands of Hope, there might be still a good many in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. It is not a pretty story, and Lord Newton, who is a House of Lords reformer, does not try to make it prettier than it was. But the book is all the better for the writer's definite point of view, and is a contribution of great importance to the history of the Conservative Party. The personal portrait which Lord Newton draws—with some help from Lord Ernest Hamilton—is that of a good son, an accomplished man of affairs, and, in all the relations of private life, a great gentleman.

HASLAM MILLS.

## INHERITANCE AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

**The Economics of Inheritance.** By JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

I HAVE no right to review Mr. Wedgwood's book, for I will not take my oath that I have read every word and figure of it. To put it crudely, Mr. Wedgwood must have sweated blood over his statistics, which are the fruit not only of the examination of many published sources, but of original grubbing of the most painstaking and discouraging kind in the purlieus of the Inland Revenue Office, the Registrar-General's Office, Somerset House, and other such Bastilles. A reviewer would have to sweat blood too in order to qualify himself to explain exactly what Mr. Wedgwood has been up to, and to appraise his methods of manipulation. I propose to abuse the fact that *THE NATION* is not a technical journal of economics in order to lift my hat to Mr. Wedgwood for what has every appearance of being a hard, honest, and well-directed piece of research work in a daunting field, take his statistical results as proven, and pass thankfully on to his inferences and arguments.

It is a threefold proposition that he has to bring before us: that the present inequalities in the distribution of wealth are a grave evil, that they are due in very great measure to the institution of inheritance, and that so far as they are due to this cause they could, to a far greater extent than is often supposed, be diminished without adverse reactions on production. The argument on all these heads is close and complex, and the reader will do well to avail himself of the excellent analytical summary of contents which is provided. I must confine myself to a few remarks only on each of Mr. Wedgwood's propositions.

It is in defence of the second that the author brings his statistical elephants into battle. From a direct study of the national wealth at dates a generation apart, he infers that in 1913 the proportions of individual wealth acquired by saving and inheritance respectively were about one-third and two-thirds. From a sample investigation of the fortunes of parents and children, he concludes that generally speaking those leave most behind them who have had most left to them. And from a most interesting study of his own family tree he has satisfied himself that the varying status and fortunes of the present bearers of the name of Wedgwood have been largely predetermined by what happened to their ancestors five generations ago.

I will not commit myself further than to say that these results seem to me impressive, and to help to re-establish what most of us would never have felt inclined to doubt had not Sir Josiah Stamp a few years ago given the pendulum a push in the opposite direction by laying emphasis on the prominence in modern communities of the fortunes of self-made men. This prominence Mr. Wedgwood does not deny,

nor that the relative importance of inheritance is less in new lands than in the old countries of Europe, and less even in the latter now, as a result of currency upheaval, than before the war. One can only say that he seems likely to be right in laying the final emphasis where he does. I must point out, however, that he quietly and with great ingenuity presses into his service one statistical result which appears on the face of it to tell against him. He finds that the distribution of property among those over fifty-four years old is as unequal as it is among those between thirty-five and fifty-four. But he finds, too, that it is the younger group that get the great bulk of the inheritances. Does not this suggest on the face of it that inheritance is not such a predominant cause of inequality after all? Not a bit of it: it only shows, says Mr. Wedgwood, that the *indirect* effect of inheritance in increasing the capacity to save is almost as great as the direct effect.

When we come to Mr. Wedgwood's third proposition, he must put his elephants in the stable, and rely like the rest of us on what he knows or guesses about the workings of the human mind. What would be the effect on work, on saving, on enterprise, of the abolition of inheritance or of its further truncation by the method of death duties—whether of the kind we have now, or (as Mr. Wedgwood prefers) a tax increasing progressively with the amount received by way of inheritance or gift, or one or other of the possible variants of that Rignano scheme which builds on the assumption that even the most sentimental old men cannot work up much enthusiasm about their grandchildren? Mr. Wedgwood does not know: nor do any of us: but we can all appeal to reason rather than to prejudice, and this Mr. Wedgwood does. I suspect, however, that in his introductory chapter he ignores the elenchus by discussing the effects of inequality on saving and on the efficiency of labour without mention of the real crux—its effect on enterprise and pioneering and the taking of risk. And in laying just stress on the extent to which we already rely for the accumulation of capital on the corporate savings of joint-stock companies, is he not too ready to assume that the desire and the power of directors to get away with their highhandedness in this respect would survive unimpaired in a more egalitarian world? Mr. Wedgwood does not cure me of the fear that at some point on the road to Equality the whole curious bundle of conventions and urges making for accumulation must suddenly crumble—that the ants, vicarious and other, will suddenly wake up, rub their eyes, cry *Cui bono?* and skip off into the forest. But when he arrives at the sober conclusion that "as a means of influencing distribution without adversely affecting productivity, Inheritance Taxation has not yet found the limits of its utility," surely all good Liberals will clap their hands.

At least I presume so. For I have left to the last Mr. Wedgwood's first and most fundamental proposition. Yet here is Mr. Snowden protesting with tears in his eyes that he would not even tax those whom he has sometimes called the idle rich if he could possibly help it. And here is even Mr. Shaw, who would gladly go halves with the new-born babe if only it were the law that he should do so, finding all sorts of reasons which St. Francis would have rejected for not moving ahead of the crowd. Supposing the road to equality lay broad and open, how many of us *really* want to walk along it, and how far? Mr. Wedgwood would, I am quite sure, go a very long way. He quotes Professor G. M. Trevelyan's striking account of how "the arts of civilized life were forced into being in mediæval England by the unequal distribution of wealth under the feudal and manorial system," and makes on it the striking comment, "The first argument may be based on historical facts, but these may be examples of what to avoid. The ideal of civilization which the argument supports is frankly in opposition both to utilitarian philosophy and to Christian ideals, and is hardly likely to appeal to democratic communities, which do not attach a mystical value to the achievement of knowledge or art for its own sake when their own happiness is at stake." Reader, do you agree? Suspend your judgment till you have read as much as you can comfortably stomach of a book which does honour both to Mr. Wedgwood and to that school of philosophers in property beneath whose wing it was produced.

D. H. ROBERTSON.



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## VERSE SATIRE

Notes on English Verse Satire. By HUMBERT WOLFE. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

THE six great satirists of all time, says Mr. Humbert Wolfe, are Aristophanes, Juvenal, Rabelais, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Anatole France. He proceeds to claim that the brevity and consequent sharpness of verse make it especially suitable to this "mode," and refuses Swift equal rank with Dryden solely on that account. Yet of his six masters four, it will be observed, are prose writers. Indeed there is a good reason why the modern satirist, at least, should prefer to write in prose. Whether he has an abuse to reform or merely an axe to grind, he must have an immediate hearing; and whereas prose of one kind or another is widely read, verse, on the whole, is not. And besides, why are we to assume that brevity is a condition of effectiveness? Does anyone complain of Rabelais, or, for that matter, of Montaigne, because they lack the elegant conciseness of La Rochefoucauld?

Mr. Wolfe was no doubt influenced, as he admits, and more than he admits, by his own preference for poetry; but the preference has led him into an uncomfortable position. Verse satire is so like poetry, and yet quite distinct; and he has engaged himself to talk about verse satire when he would much rather be talking about poetry. So, as he himself quaintly remarks of Byron, "he cannot, and indeed does not, resist the temptation to play truant from the severer task." Having briefly considered Shelley as a satirist, "There is another," he says, "and a truer Shelley"; and off he goes into the first stanza of "Life of Life." His remarks on Pope, to whom he tries vainly to be fair, are prefaced by the full blast of Milton's invocation of light. In fact, like the wedding guest, buttonholed by the Ancient Mariner, he is really listening with all his soul to the music in the distance—"how sweet, how different a thing." He gives his old man of the sea a better character than is borne out by the evidence; but that continual air of strained attention belies his words.

The satirist, he asserts, is half a preacher, half a wit. He is inspired both by "a hatred of wrong and injustice" and by "a love of the right and just." This has a reasonable sound; but is it true? Let Dryden, for instance, be the touchstone; he is generally admitted, and admitted by Mr. Wolfe, to be the greatest of English verse satirists. We have no difficulty in recognizing the wit in him, but what about the preacher? Was he inspired by the love of justice, or by the want of cash? Or was the portrait of Sir Slingsby Bethel the work of a zealot in the royal cause? In his attack on Shadwell, what benefit was Dryden planning for the human race? Clearly, it is not essential that the satirist should hate what he attacks, but it is highly important that he should keep his temper; and the first condition will be found rather unfavourable to the second. Satire, of course, implies a moral standard to which it can appeal; no behaviour is faulty but by contrast. It demands, moreover, a fair approach to unanimity in the moral judgments of its audience, or the applause will be thin; and it may be admitted that the sounder these judgments are the longer they will last, and the satire with them. But how can we deduce from all this the necessity for missionary fervour in the satirist?

Mr. Wolfe, indeed, seldom formulates his theory with both eyes on the facts. The satirist, he later observes, "must strike at what is fleeting, and not seek to elevate it into the unchanging. A great satirist is great, not by what he builds, but in what he destroys." Here, again, we may refer to Dryden, and ask what, in "MacFlecknoe"—an admitted masterpiece—has the great satirist destroyed? Not dullness, unfortunately, and Shadwell still less; the one was already immortal, but Dryden himself immortalized the other. The truth is, satire cannot safely destroy anything; in doing so, it is pulling its own house about its ears, and must perish, like Samson, among the ruins. Vice and folly, in their enduring shapes, are the only safe subjects for a satirist with an eye to immortality. And you cannot reform vices by satire. You may reform abuses; Dickens's performances in that line do him great credit, but they do not advance his titles as a satirist in the least.

Mr. Wolfe's critical judgments, though occasionally rather wild—Chesterton, he tells us, for instance, is a great poet—are not perverted by his theories, which they very often help to refute. His style betrays the fatal influences of Meredith and Chesterton: the latter predominating in the critical passages. For example: "Byron did not think: he preferred like an aeroplane to fly." Have aeroplanes the option? Or does the idea of flight need illustration?

## WAR PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE

The Decisive Campaigns of History. By B. LIDDELL HART. (Bell. 12s. 6d.)

British Strategy. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. MAURICE. (Constable. 10s.)

Memories of Four Fronts. By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MARSHALL. (Benn. 21s.)

Air Defence. By MAJOR-GENERAL E. B. ASHMORE. (Longmans. 8s. 6d.)

Fighting Tanks. Edited by G. MURRAY WILSON. (Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.)

My Seventy-five. By PAUL LINTIER. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

THE study of war has a widespread fascination. Whether we are more intent on preparing to meet it, or on trying to prevent it, most of us want to know how war is waged, and what it is like, both from the standpoint of intellectual analysis and from that of human experience. The batch of books before us—a military library in miniature—represents the response to this demand.

We begin with a brace of theorists—of an eminently practical type. Captain Liddell Hart is well known as a brilliant military heretic; a leader of the revolt against Clausewitz. He comes out, now, as the exponent of a new theory of war; the theory of "the indirect approach." He dissects twenty-six campaigns, from Marathon to 1918, and draws the moral that a headlong approach to "one's mental or physical objective," along "the line of natural expectation" usually produces negative results; that "the true aim in war is the mind of the hostile rulers . . . the balance between victory and defeat turns on mental impressions and only indirectly on physical blows." Like all theorists, he sometimes works his formula too hard, and makes it appear newer than it is. There is the kernel of the "indirect approach" in Henderson's deduction from Wellington's methods: "If you can surprise the enemy's general, his army is already defeated." But Captain Liddell Hart gives the principle of "moral dislocation" a wider extension, and, like everything that he writes, his book is, in a high degree, stimulating, provocative, and suggestive.

Sir Frederick Maurice belongs to a more orthodox school. Yet he, too, is in revolt against the wholesale application of Continental theory to the peculiar conditions of British strategy, and he, too, brings an alert and flexible mind to the study of his subject. His great merit is that he sees war as a whole—policy, economics, sea, land, and air strategy, all falling into due place and perspective—and that he continually tests old principles by their applicability to new conditions; physical conditions such as motor transport, tanks, and aircraft; moral and political conditions, such as democracy, the League of Nations, and the Kellogg Pact.

From theory, with historical illustrations, we turn to narrative, illuminated by criticism. Sir William Marshall saw the Great War from many angles, geographical and professional. He had a battalion in Flanders, a brigade at the Dardanelles, a division at Salonika, and a corps in Mesopotamia; later succeeding Maude in chief command. His recollections are embodied in a very good book; clear and vivid in narrative; shrewd, fair, and weighty in comment. His criticisms on the Dardanelles campaign are of special interest. He applauds its conception, but thinks it should have been made a major, and not a subsidiary operation. Here he agrees with Captain Liddell Hart and Sir Frederick Maurice, though the latter is more doubtful as to whether a purely defensive attitude on the Western Front was possible. Perhaps the most valuable feature of his book is its vivid picture of the part played in war by such unromantic factors as transport, supply, and sanitation. Sir Ian Hamilton contributes a lively introduction.



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"Fighting Tanks" is "written by or from material supplied by" Officers and N.C.O.s of the Tank Corps. Unhappily, in an effort to reveal "the romance and humour" of the Tank Corps, it has been compiled in the style of the cheaper journalism. Yet the record of many gallant deeds shines through its clichés, and it does succeed in giving some impression of the power of a new weapon; though reference to some such book as Sir Frederick Maurice's is necessary to get the true perspective.

Finally, lest we should forget that war is a matter not merely of strategy and material, but of men with bodies to be mangled and nerves to be thrilled or tortured, comes a new translation, in fine, nervous English, of Lintier's "*Ma Pièce*"—the journal of a young French author who served and died in the artillery—a true, sane, courageous, beautiful, and heart-rending little masterpiece.

C. ERNEST FAYLE.

## BURCKHARDT'S RENAISSANCE ILLUSTRATED

**The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy.** By JACOB BURCKHARDT. Translated by S. G. C. MIDDLEMORE. With 245 Illustrations. (Harrap. Two guineas.)

FIFTY years ago, last year, Jacob Burckhardt's great work, "*Die Cultur der Renaissance in Italien*," was translated into English for the first time by Mr. S. G. C. Middlemore. In 1878 it was printed in two volumes without illustrations; in 1929 it appears in one large quarto volume, with additional notes and more than two hundred excellent illustrations. The present text, it seems, is either a new or a considerably revised translation of the original, although the translator in his introductory note does not make this clear, for the fifteenth German edition has been used for this translation, whereas only five German editions had appeared by 1896, that is to say, some twenty years after Mr. Middlemore's first translation. As far as the text is concerned, the fifteenth German edition gained enormously from the additions to the text itself, and in particular to the notes, of Dr. Ludwig Geiger and Professor Walther Götz. What they added, not only supplemented, but also corrected Burckhardt's opinions in many places where further research and more conclusive evidence than he was able to make use of have produced different and more satisfactory solutions. All these additions and corrections have been added to the present version.

But the great point of this particular edition is the introduction for the first time of a galaxy of illustrations to serve as a commentary to the text. Whoever was responsible for choosing them—his name, unfortunately, is not mentioned—deserves the very highest praise for the wisdom and taste he has shown in selecting from the vast repositories of Italian art in the old and the new world, some two hundred and fifty illustrations for the various sections of Burckhardt's work. Two hundred and fifty illustrations is a small allowance for a work of such magnitude, and it would have been easy for him to have followed the line of least resistance and chosen such "old favourites" as the "*Mona Lisa*," Botticelli's "*Primavera*," the "*Aphrodite of Melos*," and the "*Coliseum*." Instead of these we find such things as a "*Triumph of Chastity*," attributed to Francesco di Giorgio, from a private collection in Berkshire; Giorgione's "*Family*," from the Palazzo Giovanelli; Dossi's portrait of Ercole I. D'Este, from the Galleria Estense at Modena; and two folding engraved maps of Florence and Venice. There is nothing to be lost and everything to be gained by sub-

stituting such pictures for those which are familiar to everybody. At the same time, for those people who dislike being confronted by strangers, there are dozens of pictures and photographs with which they are probably acquainted for every one with which they are not. It is, perhaps, as well to add that if they are unacquainted with the original of Morone's "*Downfall of the Bonacolsi*," they will find it in the Ducal Palace at Mantua and not in the Brera, and that the attributions of some of the minor works illustrated are questionable, as, for instance, the attribution to Jacopo de' Barbari of the portrait of Luca Paccioli. An occasional fault, however, in the letterpress is forgivable in a book that combines the dignity of scholarship with the beauties of art and architecture.

## THE IRON CARMAGNOLE

**Men and Machines.** By STUART CHASE. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

**The Dance of the Machines.** By E. J. O'BRIEN. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THESE books are striking studies of a vital modern problem. Clear-cut machine precision marks Mr. Chase's volume, while "*The Dance of the Machines*" is more discursive, literary, and leisurely. Mr. Chase traces the rise of machinery to its present formidable position. He discusses its implications, where it is drifting or driving. On the whole he gives us an optimistic résumé of the machine age. Quantity has driven out quality. Modern books (paper, print, and binding) and modern fiddles cannot compare with the old. But we have mechanical music and mountains of cheap print which can be shovelled out of the way quickly to make room for more. The machine imposes monotonous drudgery on "robot" men, but we shall need less of them as time goes on. It is apparently to the credit of the machine that less and less people have contact with it every year. The factory population is declining in America. But we have motors, movies, and electric toasters in ever greater numbers.

Mr. Chase's book is refreshingly undogmatic. He sees the machine moving forward like a tank in Flanders, crashing through walls of prejudice, battering down superstition and convention, creating considerable confusion in the process, going forward and taking us with it. But standardization, he suggests, may sometimes hinder progress by making it hard to adapt huge plants to new inventions. The Ford change-over, for example, cost a hundred million dollars. He holds out no comfort to the machine tender but that of elimination. Other people are marked out for elimination too:—

"Delegate few executive functions to any lawyer, actor, banker, orator, professional labour leader, professional politician, or professional radical. . . . Machines, like horses, can be tamed only by men who understand them."

Journalists, authors, poets, and painters are also suspect. These are men of words and ideas. The machine has no use for them. Each has to justify himself before the machine.

Mr. O'Brien, in "*The Dance of the Machines*," declines to justify himself. He is in revolt against machine civilization. He sees its ramifications everywhere, from current views on birth control to the mechanical plot of the magazine story. He denies the accuracy of machines, though he says that the machines have a contemptuous saying among themselves that "to err is human." He objects to fashioning himself on a machine model. "Live as dangerously as you like," he cries, "but live dangerously for creative human ends."

"Without free leisure and spaciousness, creativeness is impossible. The machine knows its enemies. They are the saint, the hero, and the artist. It offers mankind a new mysticism of material things."

Human irregularity, Mr. O'Brien contends, is as natural as machine regularity. To value a man for what he can produce is a machine valuation. Rationalization is a concession to those who want to run humanity as a great factory plant irrespective of whether they like it or benefit by it. This mechanistic auto-intoxication makes us doubt whether the mechanism of production exists for the purpose of consumption or whether we consume to keep the productive



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machine going. In any case obsession with the machine—with the process—irrespective of the end, is the object of Mr. O'Brien's indictment. His hope lies in youth:—

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Both these books, for and against the machine, are by American writers and should stimulate thought in this country on a subject which is becoming more important every day.

### WITCHCRAFT

**Witch Hunting and Witch Trials.** By C. L'ESTRANGE EWEN. (Kegan Paul. 21s.)

**Compendium Maleficarum.** By FRANCESCO-MARIA GUAZZO. (Rodker. 30s.)

THE number of books dealing with witchcraft recently published bears witness to a present public interest in the subject which to some extent may be due to the post-war wave of superstition of which Mr. Ewen complains; though much of it, no doubt, has a more respectable juridical or anthropological basis. Mr. Ewen is concerned with witchcraft in this country as it is reflected in English law from Saxon times to 1736 when as a crime in itself it was expunged from our statutes. But although he covers the whole period cursorily, he concentrates on the prosecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and, taking the Home Circuit for especial investigation, he quotes no fewer than 790 abstracts of Bills of Indictment. In these Bills it is to be noted that by far the most general charge is one of murder or attempted murder, though, of course, there are also many charges of cattle-killing and other destruction of property, and a few minor cases of spirit-conjuring and other trivialities. Contrary to expectation these researches disclose a greater vigilance against witchcraft and a larger number of executions during the reign of Elizabeth than in any subsequent period. The book deals faithfully with the whole law of witchcraft and its incidence, particularly the cruelty and folly of the search for physical proofs.

There is little in this austere record for lovers of the "occult," but when we turn to Fr. Francesco-Maria Guazzo's treatise published in 1608, of which this beautifully printed volume is the first English translation, we plunge at once into an explanation of witchcraft as it was accepted by a very learned and not unintelligent Brother of the Milanese Order Ambrosini. Mr. Ewen assures us that with our own silly superstitions against us we have no right to be amazed at seventeenth-century credulity. Nevertheless, one imagines that even he would be amazed at the casual way in which Guazzo accepts the fantastic absurdities of the stories he quotes. Here under one cover are all the manifold wickednesses and wonder-workings of the cloven-hoofed devil of mediæval Christendom described with a precision that disdains euphemism and ambiguity.

After reading the indictments and the evidence at the trials quoted by Mr. Ewen with the stories so diligently collected by Guazzo, one would be inclined to dismiss "witchcraft" as the nightmare superstition of evil minds. But the lessons of anthropology forbid. Stripped of all its patent absurdities and deducting from it the mere fortune-telling, treasure-finding and conjuring element, there remains a residuum of evil in seventeenth-century witchcraft that justifies the attempts of Governments to stamp it out. The "wise men" and "wise women" of the countryside, always potential poisoners and abortionists and vendors of aphrodisiacs, had opportunities for swindling and blackmail which only the most virtuous among them could have resisted. And apart from this side of their activities the stories of their "Sabbaths" are too circumstantial, similar, and widespread to be ignored. Can there be any doubt that beneath the grotesque tales of devil-worship we may discern the secret and undesirable observance of some ancient fertility cult in which a goat-god, perhaps older than Pan himself, was impersonated and worshipped orgiastically?

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Narrative of a Naval Nobody, 1907-1924.** By DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN, Lieutenant-Commander, R.N., retired. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)

A pleasant, unpretentious account of life in the Navy of to-day. There are some excellent stories; indeed, the lighter side of naval life is, perhaps, over-represented; the slogging hard work, incident to such employment as charge of the signals and wireless of a destroyer flotilla, is mostly taken for granted. On the other hand, the author's war experiences—he was torpedoed in a Mediterranean destroyer and mined, though not sunk, in a North Sea light cruiser—are well and vividly described, with an entire absence of any attempt at fine writing. The whole is good reading, as a straightforward account of first-hand impressions.

**The British Year Book of International Law, 1929.** (Oxford University Press, and Milford. 18s.)

This annual continues as good as in previous years. It begins with an excellent paper by Sir Cecil Hurst on "Diplomatic Immunities—Modern Developments." There is also a very interesting paper by Mr. Bentwich on the mandate for Palestine, and in particular on the new conceptions in international law involved in the mandate system. Other papers include one on "International Law and the Property of Aliens," by Mr. Fachiri, and one on "International Postal Congresses," by Mr. Harry Turkel.

### AUCTION BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

#### BRIDGE IN AMERICA

I HAVE recently been studying the first (October) number of the new American publication the *BRIDGE WORLD*. This is of considerable interest to English readers, not only on account of its contents, which, of their kind, are admirable, but also because it throws into strong relief the contrast between Bridge as it is played in this country and Bridge as it is played in America. (I assume, in making these comments, that the *BRIDGE WORLD* accurately reflects, as it is clearly designed to do, the attitude of the American Bridge-playing public.)

The first point of contrast that presents itself lies in the evident preference of Americans for Contract. The majority of the articles in the new magazine deal with this form of the game. It is evident, too, that recent literature in the States is mainly designed for consumption by Contract "fans."

Now I do not believe that Contract will ever become as popular as that in this country. In saying this, I have no prejudice against it; indeed, I should prefer personally that it were generally played. But Contract is too difficult a game to suit the "average" player. He likes Auction because it is after all a game in which there is a considerable element of luck; two bad players sitting down to play a rubber against two good ones have always a reasonable chance of beating them hands down. (They have no chance whatever of beating them in the long run, but the "average" player is not interested in long-distance probabilities; if he were he would be a better than average player.) But Contract is a game which considerably widens the gap between the expert and the dud. Hence, for the "tired business man" at his club, or for the suburban tea party, Contract is a less acceptable game than Auction; it wants too much study—too much concentration—is "too much like hard work." But America reckons nothing of these drawbacks. Americans like novelty; they like pep; and they like to be put through the mill. They take their games with an intense seriousness. The difference between Auction, as we play it, and Contract, as the Americans play it, is the difference between cricket and baseball. Cricket, like our Auction, is a game of "glorious uncertainty"; there is a certain leisureliness, a certain haphazardness, about its methods; innovators, especially those who seek to make it more strenuous or more scientific, are looked upon with scorn. Baseball, on the other hand, is animated, not so much by the spirit that seeks the "sporting chance" as by the terrific efficiency of the adding machine. And that formidable elaboration of technique which characterizes high-grade baseball, characterizes, similarly, the American presentation of Contract.

Take, for example, the following introduction by Mr. Culbertson (who is, incidentally, the editor of the *BRIDGE WORLD*) to the "Best Bid Hand" of the month:—



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Note—A Kibitzer unwittingly played an important rôle."

Here, you see, we have all the data. West-East are playing the Vanderbilt System; South-North are playing the Forcing System, West's "Slight weakness" has been duly charted; and even the activities of the "Kibitzer" are recorded. (The Kibitzer, I gather, is an onlooker.) Indeed, the only thing lacking is that apparatus of hand-patterns, suit-patterns, symmetry percentage, &c., with which the writings of Mr. Whitehead have familiarized us.

This elaboration of technique, fascinating as it is, not unnaturally strikes many English readers as unnecessary and even slightly ridiculous. "Suppose I 'charted' a hand as played at my Club," said one of them to me, "how depressing it would appear on paper. Can't you see me solemnly recording that West-East were playing the Caliban system, North his own system, and South no known system whatever; that we are all rather dubious players; and that West is inclined, in a bad light, to mistake his Clubs for Spades?" And much more to the same effect.

In reproducing this perhaps typical criticism, I am not to be taken as concurring in it. We do not want to lose our sense of proportion (or, what comes to the same thing, our sense of humour), and we do not want to make a business of what is supposed to be a pleasure; but I believe myself that we should get a good deal more pleasure out of our Bridge—whether Auction or Contract—if we paid a little more attention to its technique. For this reason, one welcomes the devastating efficiency with which—on paper at any rate—American experts play their game.

I hope that the BRIDGE WORLD will flourish, not only because it promises to be a genuine source of instruction and entertainment, but because also I shall hope to obtain material from it, from time to time, for analysis and comment in these columns.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

### COLUMBIA RECORDS

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN, the violinist, and the Berlin State Orchestra play Tchaikowsky's well known Concerto in D, which has, we believe, not previously been recorded (Four 12-in. records. L2335-8. 6s. 6d. each). It is characteristically Tchaikowsky, dating from the same time as the Fourth Symphony, and full of good and astonishingly bad things. The playing is good and the recording excellent. The Scotch, No. 3, Symphony is as characteristically Mendelssohn, admirably played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner (Four 12-in. records. 9887-80. 4s. 6d. each). It begins well with the kind of thing which Mendelssohn can do as well as anyone, but even the first movement tails off, and the other three show that the composer has not the stamina for a symphony.

Of the other records of the month, the best are: "Pogner's Address," from the "Meistersinger," and "Hagen's Watch," from "Götterdämmerung," which Ivar Andresen, a new performer on the gramophone, we think, sings very well (12-in. record. L2341. 6s. 6d.); the great finale to Act 2 of "Der Rosenkavalier," which is sung with spirit by Richard Mayr and Anni Andrássy (12-in. record. L2340. 6s. 6d.); the overture to Mozart's "Il Seraglio," fairly well played by the Zurich Orchestra (9892. 4s. 6d.); and three charming old songs of Morley, East, and Weekes, "I Follow, Lo, the Footing," "How Merrily We Live," and "O Care, Thou Wilt Dispatch Me" (9877. 4s. 6d.).

Delius's popularity is reflected in the issue of more records of his music. On one record we have three not very good songs, "Cradle Song," "The Nightingale," and "Evening Voices," sung by Dora Labbette, soprano (12-in. record. L2344. 6s. 6d.). On two other records we have Sonata No. 2 for viola and piano, played by Lionel Tertis and George Reeves, and on the fourth side Serenade, Hassan (Two 12-in. records. L2343. 6s. 6d. each). The sonata is a worthy work, but rather thin and uninspired.

The following are some records of lighter music: "Ivan Caryl Memories" and "Paul Rubens Memories," Columbia Light Opera Company (9896. 4s. 6d.); "Moon Enchanted" and "Love's Old Sweet Song," duets by Dora Labbette and Hubert Eisdell (9895. 4s. 6d.); "Merrie England—Vocal Gems" (9893. 4s. 6d.).

## THE OWNER-DRIVER

### THE NEWLY DESIGNED 25 h.p. DAIMLER

I HAVE just had a chat with an engineering friend who has been very busy for some weeks examining the technical details of several cars on behalf of a firm of dealers overseas. In comparing notes we both displayed a tendency to linger over the merits of the new 25 h.p. Daimler. The manufacturers have, I think, been a bit too conservative in some respects, but no one will deny that this is a most interesting chassis, and one which holds out great promise.

Its features are not entirely new to me, because they have been developed as a result of the experiments made by the Daimler Company in the design of a chassis for luxurious motor coaches. About a year ago I saw one of these chassis in construction, and was able to handle all the components, and to compare them with the weight of parts which had been superseded. The manufacturers could not do better than give the public an opportunity of seeing for themselves how, by the use of special aluminium alloys, it has been possible to reduce the weight of a chassis by about 12 per cent.

Side by side with these experiments the engine designers have been raising the efficiency of the power unit, and the result has been to provide a much lighter and faster car.

The acceleration and pace of the new "25" are indeed delightful, for these outstanding virtues have been secured without the sacrifice of smooth, noiseless running. It is in a job of this type that one finds the sleeve-valve engines in *excelsis*.

It would be futile to deny that in the effort to raise the revolutions of the sleeve-valve power unit difficulties have been met with, but I do think that these have at last been entirely overcome by improved lubrication methods which have been thoroughly tested on public passenger vehicles averaging from 1,500 to 2,000 miles per week.

A few tubes in the radiator are used for the cooling of the engine oil and the safeguarding of its viscosity. In addition an improved automatic device has been provided to ensure the thorough lubrication of the cylinders and pistons when starting from cold. All the working parts are given a liberal dousing of oil to commence with, and the supply is cut off when the engine and lubricant are heated. I have heard it suggested that this must mean an increase in oil consumption, but improvements in the design of the pistons and cylinder head rings has, in fact, resulted in such a saving that the new "25" engine will run 800 to 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil.

Another problem which had to be faced arose through the slight vibration set up by the sleeve-valves at high speeds. This has been damped out by a special balancing device.

Motorists who are familiar with the old types of Daimler cars will be immensely struck with the appearance of the engine and auxiliaries—the cylinders are now cast in one block, and there is a cleanliness and simplicity about the external details that is most pleasing.

The new "25" Daimler is a lovely car to handle. That it will become a favourite with ladies, I have not the least doubt, because it is so easy to control, but it must make an equally strong appeal to men accustomed to driving "thorough-breeds."

The smooth, swift "get-away," the acceleration, and the speed give rise to the most pleasant sensations, and the more one knows about a lot of other cars the more reluctant does one feel to leave the driving seat of this new Daimler production.

Luvac hydraulic shock absorbers and Silent bloc rubber bushes contribute much to the comfort of the passengers, and the Dewandre servo motor incorporated in the four-wheel braking system is another refinement, especially as there is a single-point adjustment in an accessible position under the bonnet. The hand lever operates a powerful transmission brake.

Personally, I have not the least doubt that this new model will play a big part in the Daimler programme for the next few years. It is such a big step forward in the sleeve-valve type of car that it is not likely to be superseded for a considerable time, and this is indeed a very important point to be borne in mind.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.





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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## "NERVES"—UTILITIES—COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE—RUBBER AND TIN

**P**ROFOUND gloom has settled down on the City as a result of the continued liquidation in Wall Street. It is clear that the "early closing" sessions on the New York Stock Exchange are merely serving to prolong the death agonies of the doomed speculators. The weak marginal accounts which are breaking down could probably be cleared out more quickly if trading were allowed its normal five hours' session. It is feared that serious failures will be brought to light in New York before long. Our gilt-edged market, which should have showed recovery at the precipitate course of the Wall Street slump, leading as it does to cheaper money and a rise in fixed interest securities, is still feeling the affront of the new Conversion Loan which has been stigmatized as "Hatry Fives." To have arranged, after the prospectus had been published, with a City firm, albeit the Government broker, to place £30,000,000 of this stock at  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. below the price at which it was offered to the public, is an ineptitude of which it is difficult to find a parallel in Government finance. Mr. Snowden's excuse that the deal with the Government broker could not have been made before the prospectus was issued lest there might be a leakage of information was hardly complimentary to the Government broker and his friends.

If prices of American common stocks in future are to stand the test of dividend yield it is clear that the "bear" market in New York has still some way further to go. The average dividend yield on fifty industrial common stocks, according to the calculations of the Standard Statistics Company of New York, was 3.18 per cent. at the beginning of September, 3.84 per cent. on October 24th, and 4.11 per cent. on October 31st. It is quite possible that the "bear" market will continue until the average yield on industrial common stocks has risen to 6 per cent. or more. There may, of course, be exceptions. In the case of public utility common stocks, the practice hitherto has been to pay greater attention to the yield on earnings than that on dividends. The following table shows the 1928 earnings and the estimated 1929 earnings of five public utility companies, the prices of the common stocks at the high September level and to-day, and the yields on dividends and earnings at to-day's prices:

	Div. Rate	Earnings 1928	1929 (est.)	Price High Sept.	Price Nov. 12th.	Div. Yield %	1928 Earnings Yield %	1929 Earnings Yield %
Columbia Gas & E. ...	2	2.79	3.50	140	55	3.64	5.07	6.36
Consol. Gas of N.Y. ...	4	4.52	5.50	189½	85	4.71	5.32	6.47
Elec. Power & Light ...	1	2.25	2.85	86½	24	2.94	6.62	8.38
North American 10% stock		4.51	5.25	186½	79	—	5.71	6.64
Standard Gas & E. ...	3.50	6.57	7.10	243½	97	3.61	8.32	8.90

If American business generally reacts in 1930 it is possible that the earnings of public utility companies will show a decline in common with the rest, but the yield on 1928 earnings should be a fair test for the investor.

There is no need to go to New York for bargains. Columbia Graphophone 10s. shares have fallen from 18 5-16 this year to 4 (on Tuesday night in Shorter's Court). At 18 5-16 the equity of this Company was valued at £23,473,145: at 4 it is only £5,127,240. A cut of £18,345,905 off the market valuation of one gramophone company is one of the fantastic records of this epoch of boom and slump. The history of Columbia Graphophone finance reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." After the war the Columbia Phonograph, Inc. (New York) was a derelict concern which American brains and money had given up for lost. English interests quietly took it over

and built it up. The English company, Columbia Graphophone, Ltd., now controls, through Columbia (International), Ltd., prosperous gramophone and record manufacturing businesses in fourteen countries—Great Britain, the United States, France, Austria, Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Spain, Poland, Brazil, Argentine, Japan, and Australia. For the fifteen months to June, 1928, its earnings (less preferred dividends) of £445,055 contained for the first time an income from the investments in its associated companies. These earnings were equivalent to 73.4 per cent. per annum on its ordinary share capital. A capital bonus of 100 per cent. was then declared, and for the year ended June, 1929, its earnings of £480,904 represented 45.3 per cent. on the increased capital, or 9.3 per cent. on the present market valuation of £5,127,240.

American speculators were not unappreciative of the success which had been made of the Columbia Graphophone business. As they could not buy the shares of the American concern, which were wholly owned by Columbia (International), they plunged on the shares of the English parent and carried them to the fantastic height of 18½ ex bonus (86½ cum bonus). At these rising prices the shares of Columbia Graphophone went back to New York, a continued source of strength to the sterling exchange and to the bank balances of the English sellers. And now, when New York speculators either in panic or by *force majeure* are throwing Columbia Graphophone shares away at 4 or less, London interests are buying back. At 4 the immediate yield on the basis of 45 per cent. dividends is £5 12s. per cent. But the real earnings yield is much higher. Columbia Graphophone, like Shell Transport, is a holding company, and it may be assumed that, like Shell Transport, it does not draw from its subsidiaries more than is required to pay the cash dividends to its own shareholders. In other words, it is reinvesting in its business a large proportion of the earnings of its subsidiaries. £5 12s. is not a high yield, but something must be paid for the Company's prospects. It is useful to remember that Columbia Graphophone is a world manufacturing and merchandising gramophone company, which is not dependent for its prosperity on jaded Wall Street speculators buying jazz tunes for the week-end.

The reaction in the market prices of rubber and tin may not be unconnected with the slump in the American stock markets. The following figures show how the spot prices compare to-day with those of a month ago:—

	Oct. 11.	Nov. 11.
Rubber (per lb.)	10d.	7½d. (lowest since April, 1928)
Tin (per ton)	£198½	£176½ (lowest since Dec., 1922)

Speculators in these two commodity markets may have been caught in the stock market crash or they may be selling short in anticipation of a set-back in the consuming industries in America. In both commodities there is an economic basis for lower prices, for production is outrunning consumption. In the case of rubber, in spite of an increase of 15 per cent. in American absorption this year and 50 per cent. in that of other foreign countries, stocks in Great Britain have risen by 31,000 tons since July—a net rise of 20,000 tons if allowance is made for the reduction in American stocks by 11,000 tons. In the case of tin, world supplies, according to the figures of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, were 2,143 tons in excess of world consumption in the first nine months of the year in spite of a 10 per cent. increase in consumption. Everyone, of course, is afraid of a set-back in the American automobile industry which is responsible for 60 per cent. of the world's consumption of rubber but only 12½ per cent. of the world consumption of tin. Considerable disappointment is felt at the failure of the tin industry to "rationalize" itself. A frank statement from the Tin Producers' Association would be welcomed.



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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the Martin White Chair of Sociology, tenable at the London School of Economics. Initial salary £1,000 a year. Application (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on January 24th, 1930, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Lecturer in Economics and Statistics. Applications are invited for the above position. Salary £450, rising by annual increments of £20 to £550. Applications in duplicate, with copies of certificates and testimonials, and a recent photograph, to be lodged by December 18th, 1929, with Agent-General for Western Australia, Savoy House, Strand, London, W.C.2., from whom conditions of appointment may be obtained after November 25th.

H. E. WHITFIELD, Vice-Chancellor.

## PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A LECTURE on "L'EDUCATION DES INDIGENES DES COLONIES" will be given (in French) by MONSIEUR S. CHARLEY, Rector of the University of Paris, at THE LONDON DAY TRAINING COLLEGE (Southampton Row, W.C.2), on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Professor T. P. Nunn, M.A., D.Sc., Litt.D., Principal of the London Day Training College and Professor of Education in the University.

A COURSE of Three Lectures on "THE ALAI-PAMIRS: A GEOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND OF ORIENTAL STUDIES" will be given by DR. W. R. RICKMERS (of Bremen), at the SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES (Finsbury Circus, E.C.2), on MONDAY, TUESDAY, and THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 26th, and 28th, 1929, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by PROFESSOR F. W. THOMAS, C.I.E., Ph.D., M.A., F.B.A.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13th.—Mr. R. Ellis Roberts on "Do People Like Poetry?" Chairman: Mr. Walter de la Mare.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th.—Mr. Harold Monro on "Twentieth Century Poetry," with a Reading from his own Poems. Chairman: Professor Lascelles Abercrombie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.—Mr. T. S. Eliot on "Poetry and Philosophy." Chairman: Miss L. S. Stebbing.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5th.—Mr. E. V. Knox on "Parody." Chairman: Sir Frederic Kenyon.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12th.—Mr. Herbert Palmer on "Francois Villon." Chairman: Miss Helen Waddell.

Tickets, price 10s. and 5s. (numbered and reserved) and 2s. (unreserved), or for all five lectures, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 7s. 6d., may be obtained at The Challenge, 24, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, or from Mrs. Roberts, 19, Woburn Square, W.C.1.

The proceeds will be given to the Renovation Fund, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Quakers), Friends House, Euston Road, Sunday, November 17th, at 6.30. "Religion Rooted in Experience." Speaker: Maurice L. Rowntree, B.A.

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